



H. H. S. c.

Frontispiece to Alzira

THE
WORKS
OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH.

WITH
NOTES, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,
AND EXPLANATORY.

By T. FRANKLIN, D.D.
Chaplain to his Majesty, and late Greek Professor in
the University of Cambridge.

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.
AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION.

VOLUME XXX.

L O N D O N,

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOL. VI.

This VOLUME contains

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 A D V E R T I S E M E N T

FROM THE

E D I T O R.

THE literary world will perhaps think themselves obliged to me for publishing the tragedy of *Mahomet* which had been barbarously mangled in two surreptitious editions. I can venture to assure the reader, that it was written in 1736, and a copy of it then sent by the author to the *Prince Royal*, now *King of Prussia*, who at that time cultivated the *Belles Lettres* with astonishing success, and continues to make them his principal amusement.

I was at *Lisle* in 1741, where Mr. *de Voltaire* came to pass a few days: there was then the best company of actors in the town that had ever been in *Provence*, who represented this piece highly to the satisfaction of a very numerous audience. The governor and the intendant were several times present at the performance. A tragedy written in so new a taste, and on so delicate a subject, treated with such judgment and discretion, induced many

prelates to have it acted in a private house, by the same persons. Their opinion confirmed that of the public. The author was at the same time so happy as to get his manuscript presented to * one of the first men of the church, and indeed all Europe, who supported the weight of public affairs with firmness, and judged concerning works of genius with true taste, at an age when few men have, and still fewer preserve their wit and delicacy. He pronounced that the piece was written with all proper decorum and circumspection, and that it was impossible to handle with more prudence so dangerous a subject; but that with regard to the poetry, there were many things in it that wanted correction: these the author, to my knowledge, afterwards retouched with the greatest care. This was likewise the opinion of another eminent personage of equal rank, and of equal abilities.

At length this excellent performance, which had been licensed according to form in many other places, was exhibited at *Paris* on the ninth of *August*, 1742: a whole box was fill'd with the principal magistrates of the city: the ministers were also present, and all were of the same opinion

* Cardinal Fleury.

with the excellent judges above-mentioned. There were however some persons at the first representation who disapproved of it : whether it was that in the hurry of the action they did not sufficiently attend to the gradual process of it, or that they were little versed in stage matters, * they seem'd shock'd at *Mahomet's* ordering a man to commit murder, and making use of his religion to stir up an innocent youth, the instrument of his crimes, to an assassination. These gentlemen, struck with the horror of the action, did not sufficiently consider, that this murder is represented in the tragedy as the most atrocious of all crimes, and that indeed it was morally impossible it should be otherwise! the truth was, they saw indeed but one side, the usual method which men take to deceive themselves. And as they considered that side only, it was no wonder they should take offence, which a little more attention would easily have removed : but in the first heat of their zeal they cried out, it was a dangerous performance, and fit only to produce *Ravailleurs* and *Jacques Clements*. A most extraordinary

* The true state of the case was that the Abbé des Fontaines, and some others as malicious as himself, decry'd the tragedy of *Mahomet*, as a wicked and scandalous performance: the affair made so much noise, that the prime minister, Cardinal Fleury, who had long before read and approved of it, was notwithstanding obliged to advise the author to withdraw it.

piece of criticism which these gentlemen no doubt are by this time heartily ashamed of. This would in effect be to affirm, that HERMIONE teaches us to assassinate kings, ELECTRA to kill our mothers, CLEOPATRA and MEDEA to slay our own children : that HARPAGON makes misers, the GAMESTER gamesters, and *Tartuffe* hypocrites. The censure of *Mahomet* would carry with it even more injustice than this, because the iniquity of that false prophet is represented in a light more odious and detestable than any of the vices or follies satirised in those performances. The tragedy was written directly in opposition to the *Ravaillacs* and *Jacques Clements*, in so much that, as a person of excellent judgment lately observed, if *Mahomet* had been written in the time of *Henry III.* and *Henry IV.* it might have saved both their lives. Would one think it possible that the author of the *HENRIADE* would ever have met with such a reproach, he who has so often in that poem, and in other parts of his works, lifted up his voice, not only against such crimes, but against all those pernicious maxims which are the causes of them? The more I read that writer's works, the more have I always found the love of public good their distinguishing characteristic ; every part of them inspires horror and detestation of rebellion, persecution, and fanaticism.

Is there a good and worthy citizen who would not adopt all the maxims of the *Henriade*? Does not that poem inspire us with the love of virtue? *Mahomet* appears to me to be written in the same spirit, and this I am persuaded the author's greatest enemies will frankly acknowledge.

He soon perceived that a formidable party was raised against him: some of the most violent amongst them had got the ear of a few great men, who not having seen the piece themselves, believed every thing that these gentlemen thought proper to report concerning it. The celebrated *Moliere*, the glory of *France*, was once in nearly the same condition, when his *Tartuffe* was first exhibited: he had immediate recourse to *Lewis the Great*, who knew and loved him. The authority of that monarch soon put an end to the sinister and malevolent misrepresentations of *Tartuffe*: but times are changed: that protection which are given to arts in their infant state, cannot be expected to continue after those arts have been cultivated for a length of time: besides that one man may not have interest to obtain that which another had procured with ease: some instruments must be set to work, some discussions made, some new examinations passed through, before any thing can be done in his favour. The author therefore thought it most advisable to withdraw his piece, after the third repre-

sentation, in hopes that time would get the better of prejudice, which must inevitably * happen amongst a people so sensible and judicious as our own. It was put in the public papers, that the tragedy of *Mahomet* had been stopped by order of the government, which was an absolute falshood : no such order was ever given ; and the first men in the kingdom, who had seen this tragedy, unanimously concurred in their admiration of it. Some persons having hastily transcribed a few scenes from the actors parts, two or three imperfect editions crept into the world : it is easy to see how much they differ from the true work which I have here given. Prefixed to this tragedy are several interesting pieces ; one of the most curious amongst them, in my opinion, is a letter written by the author to his majesty the *king of Prussia*, on his return through *Holland*, after a visit to him. In papers of this kind, which were not originally designed for the public, one sees the real sentiments of men : I flatter myself they will afford the same pleasure to every true philosopher which they gave me in the perusal.

* What the editor foresaw in 1742 did actually come to pass in 1751, when his tragedy was represented with universal applause. Cabal and persecution gave way to the voice of the public, and perhaps the more readily as many by this time began to feel some remorse at having forced a man to quit his country, who had laboured so successfully for the honour of it.

TO HIS MAJESTY

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

SIR,

Rotterdam, January 20, 1742.

I AM at present, like the pilgrims of *Mecca*, turning their eyes perpetually towards that city after leaving it, as I do mine towards the court of *Prussia*. My heart, deeply penetrated with the sense of your majesty's goodness, knows no grief but that which arises from my incapacity of being always with you. I have taken the liberty to send your majesty a fresh copy of *Mahomet*, the sketch of which you have seen some time ago. This is a tribute which I pay to the lover of arts, the sensible critic, and above all, to the philosopher much more than to the sovereign. Your majesty knows by what motive I was inspired in the composition of that work. The love of mankind, and the hatred of fanaticism, two virtues that adorn your throne, guided my pen: I have ever been of opinion, that tragedy should correct, as well as move the heart. Of what consequence or importance to mankind are the passions or misfortunes of any of the heroes of antiquity, if they do not convey some instruction to us? It is universally ac-

known, that the comedy of *Tartuffe*, a piece hitherto unequalled, did a great deal of good in the world, by shewing hypocrisy in its proper light ; and why therefore should we not endeavour in a tragedy to expose that species of imposture which sets to work the hypocrisy of some, and the madness of others ? Why may we not go back to the histories of those ancient ruffians, the illustrious founders of superstition and fanaticism, who first carried the sword to the altar to sacrifice all those who refused to embrace their doctrines ?

They who tell us that these days of wickedness are past, that we shall never see any more *Barcochebas*, *Mahomets*, *Johns of Leyden*, &c. And that the flames of religious war are totally extinguished, in my opinion, pay too high a compliment to human nature. The same poison still subsists, though it does not appear so openly, some symptoms of this plague break out from time to time enough to infect the earth : have not we in our own age seen the prophets of *Cevennes* killing in the name of God those of their sect, who were not sufficiently pliant to their purposes ?

The action I have described is terrible ; I do not know whether horror was ever carried farther on any stage. A young man born with virtuous inclinations, seduced by fanaticism, assassinates an old man who loves him ; and whilst he imagines
he

he is serving God, is, without knowing it, guilty of parricide : the murder is committed by the order of an impostor, who promises him a reward, which proves to be incest. This, I acknowledge, is full of horror ; but your majesty is thoroughly sensible, that tragedy should not consist merely of love, jealousy, and marriage : even our historians abound in actions much more horrible than that which I have invented. *Seid* does not know that the person whom he assassinates is his father, and when he has committed the crime, feels the deepest remorse for it ; but *Mezeray* tells us, that at *Milan* a father killed his son with his own hand on account of religion, and was not in the least sorry for it. The story of the two brothers *Diaz* is well known ; one of them was at *Rome* and the other at *Alemagne*, in the beginning of the commotions raised by *Luther* : *Bartholomew Diaz*, hearing that his brother embraced the opinion of *Luther* at *Francfort*, left Rome on purpose to assassinate him, and accordingly did so. *Herrera*, a *Spanish* author, tells us, that *Bartholomew Diaz* ran a great hazard in doing this, but nothing intimidatss a man of honour guided by honesty. *Herrera*, we see, brought up in that ho'y religion, which is an enemy to cruelty, a religion which teaches long-suffering and not-revenge, was persuaded that honesty might make a man an assassin and a parricide : ought we not to rise up on

all sides against such infernal maxims? these put the poniard into the hand of that monster who deprived *France* of *Henry the Great*: these placed the picture of *James Clement* on the altar, and his name amongst the saints: these took away the life of *William* prince of *Orange*, founder of the liberty and prosperity of his country. *Salcede* shot at and wounded him in the forehead with a pistol; and *Strada* tells us, that *Salcede* would not dare to undertake that enterprize till he had purified his soul by confession at the feet of a Dominican, and fortified it by the holy sacrament. *Herrera* has something more horrible, and more ridiculous concerning it: *He stood firm*, (says he) *after the example of our saviour Jesus Christ, and his saints.* *Balthasar Girard*, who afterwards took away the life of that great man, behaved in the same manner as *Salcede*.

I have remarked, that all those who voluntarily committed such crimes were young men like *Seid*. *Balthasar Girard* was about twenty years old, and the four *Spaniards*, who had bound themselves by oath with him to kill the prince, were of the same age. The monster who killed *Henry III.* was but four-and-twenty, and *Poltrou*, who assassinated the great *Duke of Guise* only twenty five: this is the age of seduction and madness. In *England* I was once a witness how far the power of fanaticism could work on a weak and youthful imagination: a boy

of sixteen, whose name was *Shepherd*, engaged to assassinate king *George I.* your majesty's grandfather by the mother's side. What could prompt him to such madness? the only reason to be assigned was, that *Shepherd* was not of the same religion with the king. They took pity on his youth, offered him his pardon, and for a long time endeavoured to bring him to repentance; but he always persisted in saying, it was better to obey God than man; and if they let him go, the first use he made of his liberty should be to kill the king: so that they were obliged at last to execute him as a monster, whom they despaired of bringing to any sense of reason.

I will venture to affirm, that all who have seen any thing of mankind must have remarked, how easily nature is sometimes sacrificed to superstition: how many fathers have detested and disinherited their children? how many brothers have persecuted brothers on this destructive principle? I have myself seen instances of it in more than one family.

If superstition does not always signalize itself in those glaring crimes which history transmits to us, in society it does every day all the mischief it possibly can: disunites friends, separates kindred and relations, destroys the wise and worthy by the hands of fools and enthusiasts: it does not indeed every day poison a *Socrates*, but it banishes *Descar-*

tes from a city which ought to be the asylum of liberty, and gives *Jurieu*, who acted the part of a prophet, credit enough to impoverish the wise philosopher *Bayle*: it banished the successor of the great *Leibnitz*, and deprives a noble assembly of young men that crouded to his lectures of pleasure and improvement: and to re-establish him heaven must raise up amongst us a royal philosopher, that true miracle which is so rarely to be seen. In vain does human reason advance towards perfection, by means of that philosophy which of late hath made so great a progress in *Europe*: in vain do you, most noble prince, both inspire and practise this humane philosophy: whilst in the same age where'n reason raises her throne on one side, the most absurd fanaticism adorns her altars on the other.

It may perhaps be objected to me, that, out of my too abundant zeal, I have made *Mahomet* in this tragedy guilty of a crime which in reality he was not capable of committing. The count de *Boulainvilliers*, some time since, wrote the life of this prophet, whom he endeavoured to represent as a great man, appointed by Providence to punish the christian world, and change the face of at least one half of the globe. Mr. *Sale* likewise, who has given us an excellent translation of the Alcoran into *English*, would persuade us to look upon *Mahomet* as a *Numa*, or a *Theseus*. I will readily acknowledge,

knowledge, that we ought to respect him, if, born a legitimate prince, or called to government by the voice of the people, he had instituted useful and peaceful laws like *Numa*; or, like *Theseus*, defended his countrymen: but for a driver of camels to stir up a faction in his village; to associate himself with a set of wretched Coracites, and persuade them that he had an interview with the angel *Gabriel*; to boast that he was carried up to heaven, and there received part of that unintelligible book which contradicts common sense in every page; that in order to procure respect to this ridiculous performance he should carry fire and sword into his country, murder fathers, and ravish their daughters, and after all give those whom he conquered the choice of his religion or death; this is surely what no man will pretend to vindicate, unless he was born a *Turk*, and superstition had totally extinguished in him the light of nature.

Mahomet, I know, did not actually commit that particular crime which is the subject of this tragedy: history only informs us, that he took away the wife of *Seid*, one of his followers, and persecuted *Abusophan*, whom I call *Zophir*; but what is not that man capable of, who in the name of God makes war against his country? It was not my design merely to represent a real fact, but real manners and characters, to make men think as they naturally

turally must in their circumstances ; but above all it was my intention to shew the horrid schemes which villainy can invent, and fanaticism put in practice. *Mahomet* is here no more than *Tartuffe* in arms.

Upon the whole I shall think myself amply rewarded for my labour, if any one of those weak mortals, who are ever ready to receive the impressions of a madness foreign in their nature ; should learn from this piece to guard themselves against such fatal delusions ; if after being shocked at the dreadful consequences of *Seid's* obedience, he should say to himself, why must I blindly follow the blind who cry out to me, hate, persecute all who are rash enough not to be of the same opinion with ourselves, even in things and matters we do not understand ? what infinite service would it be to mankind to eradicate such false sentiments ! A spirit of indulgence would make us all brothers ; a spirit of persecution can create nothing but monsters. This I know is your majesty's opinion : to live with such a prince, and such a philosopher, would be my greatest happiness ; my sincere attachment can only be equalled by my regret ; but if other duties draw me away, they can never blot out the respect I owe to a prince, who talks and thinks like a man, who despises that specious gravity which is always a cover for meanness and ignorance :

norance: a prince who converses with freedom, because he is not afraid of being known ; who is still eager to be instructed, and at the same time capable himself of instructing the most learned and the most sagacious.

I shall, whilst I have life, remain with the most profound respect, and deepest sense of gratitude, your majesty's, &c. &c. &c.

*A LETTER from Mr. VOLTAIRE

T O

P O P E B E N E D I C T XIV.

Most blessed father,

YOUR holiness will pardon the liberty taken by one the lowest of the faithful, though a zealous admirer of virtue, of submitting to the head of the true religion this performance, written in opposition to the founder of a false and barbarous sect. To whom could I with more propriety inscribe a satire on the cruelty and errors of a false prophet, than to the vicar and representative of a God of truth and mercy? your holiness will therefore give me leave to throw at your feet both the piece and the author of it, and humbly to request your protection of the one, and your benediction of the other; in hopes of which, with the profoundest reverence, I kiss your sacred feet.

Paris, August 17, 1745.

* These three letters are translated from the Italian.

THE ANSWER of POPE BENEDICT XIV.
TO MR. VOLTIAIRE.

*Benedictus P. P. dilecto filio salutem & Apostolicam
Benedictionem.*

THIS day sev'nnight I was favoured with your excellent tragedy of *Mahomet*, which I have read with great pleasure: Cardinal *Passionei* has likewise presented me with your fine poem of *Fontenoy*. Signor *Leprotti* this day repeated to me your * distich made on my retreat. Yesterday morning Cardinal *Valenti* gave me your letter of the 17th of *August*. So many are the obligations which you have conferred on me, for which I am greatly indebted to you; for all and every one of them, and to assure you that I have the highest esteem for your merit, which is universally acknowledged.

The distich has been publish'd at *Rome*, and objected to by one of the *litterati*, who, in a public conversation, affirme! that there was a mistake in it with regard to the word *hic*, which is made short, whereas it ought to be always long. To which I

* The distich is as follows:
*Lambertinus hic est, Romæ decus, & pater orbis,
Qui mundum scriptis docuit, virtutibus ornat.*

replied,

replied, that it may be either long or short; *Virgil* having made it short in this verse,

Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labentem.

And long in another,

Hic finis Priami fatorum, hic exitus illum.

The answer I think was pretty full and convincing, considering that I have not looked into *Virgil* these fifty years. The cause however is properly yours; to your honour and sincerity therefore, of which I have the highest opinion, I shall leave it to be defended against your opposers and mine, and here give you my apostolical benediction. *Datum Romæ apud sanctam Mariam majorem die 19 Sept. Pontificatus nostri anno sexto.*

A LETTER of THANKS

FROM

Mr. VOLTAIRE to the POPE.

THE features of your excellency are not better expressed on the medal you were so kind as to send me, than are the features of your mind in the letter which you honoured me with: permit me to throw at your feet my sincerest acknowledgments;

ments : in points of literature, as well as in matters of more importance, your infallibility is not to be disputed : your excellency is much better versed in the *Latin* tongue than the *Frenchman* whom you condescended to correct : I am indeed astonished how you could so readily appeal to *Virgil* : the popes were always ranked amongst the most learned sovereigns, but amongst them I believe there never was one in whom so much learning and taste united.

Agnosco rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.

If the *Frenchman* who found fault with the word *hic* had known as much of *Virgil* as your excellency, he might have recollected a verse where *hic* is both long and short

Hic vir hic est tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.

I cannot help considering this verse as a happy preface of the favours conferred on me by your excellency. Thus might *Rome* cry out when *Benedict XIV.* was raised to the supremacy : with the utmost respect and gratitude I kiss your sacred feet, &c. &c.

D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MAHOMET.

ZOPH, Scheik of Mecca.

OMAR. { General and second in command to
Mahomet.

SEID, }
PALMIRA, } Slaves.

PHANOR, Senator of Mecca.

Company of Meccans.

Company of Musulmans.

SCENE, MECCA.

MAHOMET.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ZOPIR, PHANOR.

ZOPIR.

THink'st thou thy friend will ever bend the
knee

To this proud hypocrite ; shall I fall down
And worship, I who banish'd him from Mecca ?

No : punish me, just heav'n, as I deserve,

If e'er this hand, the friend of innocence

And freedom, stoop to cherish foul rebellion,

Or aid imposture to deceive mankind !

PHANOR.

PHANOR.

Thy zeal is noble, and becomes the chief
Of Ismael's sacred senate, but may prove
Destructive to the cause it means to serve :
Thy ardour cannot check the rapid pow'r
Of Mahomet, and but provokes his vengeance:
There was a time when you might safely draw
The sword of justice, to defend the rights
Of Merca, and prevent the flames of war
From spreading o'er the land ; then Mahomet
Was but a bold and factious citizen,
But now he is a conqu'ror, and a king :
Mecca's impostor at Medina shines
A holy prophet ; nations bend before him,
And learn to worship crimes which we abhor.
Ev'n here, a band of wild enthusiasts, drunk
With furious zeal, support his fond delusions,
His idle tales, and fancy'd miracles :
These spread sedition thro' the gaping throng,
Invite his forces, and believe a God
Inspires, and renders him invincible.
The lovers of their country think with you,
But wisest counsels are not always follow'd ;
False zeal, and fear, and love of novelty
Alarm the croud ; already half our city
Is left unpeopled ; Mecca cries aloud
To thee her father, and demands a peace.

ZOPIR.

ZOPIR.

Peace with a traitor ! coward nation, what
Can you expect but slav'ry from a tyrant !
Go, bend your supple knees, and prostrate fall
Before the idol whose oppressive hand
Shall crush you all : for me, I hate the traitor ;
This heart's too deeply wounded to forgive :
The savage murth'rer robbed me of a wife
And two dear children : nor is his resentment
Less fierce than mine ; I forc'd his camp, pursu'd
The coward to his tent, and slew his son :
The torch of hatred is lit up between us,
And time can ne'er extinguish it.

PHANOR.

I hope

It never will ; yet should'st thou hide the flame,
And sacrifice thy griefs to public good,
What if he lay his noble city waste,
Will that avenge thee, will that serve thy cause ?
Thou hast lost all, son, brother, daughter, wife,
Mecca alone remains to give thee comfort ;
Do not lose that, do not destroy thy country.

ZQPIR.

Kingdoms are lost by cowardice alone.

PHANOR.

PHANOR.

As oft perhaps by obstinate resistance.

ZOPIR.

Then let us perish, if it be our fate.

PHANOR.

When thou art almost in the harbour, thus
To brave the storm, is false and fatal courage:
Kind heav'n, thou see'st points out to thee the
means

To soften this proud tyrant; fair Palmira
Thy beauteous captive, brought up in the camp
Of this destructive conqueror, was sent
By gracious heav'n, the messenger of peace,
Thy guardian angel, to appease the wrath
Of Mahomet; already by his herald
He has demanded her.

ZOPIR.

And wou'd thou have me
Give up so fair a prize to this barbarian?
What! whilst the tyrant spreads destruction round
him,
Unpeoples kingdoms, and destroys mankind,
Shall beauty's charms be sacrific'd to bribe
A madman's frenzy? I should envy him
That lovely fair one more than all his glory;
Not that I feel the stings of wild desire,

Or,

Or, in the evening of my days, indulge,
 Old as I am, a shameless passion for her ;
 But, whether objects born like her to please,
 Spite of ourselves demand our tend'rest pity,
 Or that perhaps a childless father hopes
 To find in her another daughter, why
 I know not, but for that unhappy maid
 Still am I anxious ; be it weakness in me,
 Or reason's pow'rful voice, I cannot bear
 To see her in the hands of Mahomet ;
 Wou'd I cou'd mould her to my wishes, form
 Her willing mind, and make her hate the tyrant
 As I do ! she has sent to speak with me
 Here in the sacred porch—and lo ! she comes :
 On her fair check the blush of modesty
 And candor speaks the virtues of her heart.

S C E N E II.

ZOPIR, PALMIRA.

ZOPIR.

Hail, lovely maid ! the chance of cruel war
 Hath made thee Zopir's captive, but thou art not
 Amongst barbarians ; all with me revere
 Palmira's virtues, and lament her fate,
 Whilst youth with innocence and beauty plead
 Thy cause ; whate'er thou ask'st in Zopir's pow'r

Vol. VI. C Thou

Thou shalt not ask in vain: my life declines
 Towards its period, and if my last hours
 Can give Palmira joy, I shall esteem them
 The best, the happiest I have ever known.

P A L M I R A.

These two months past, my lord, your pris'ner
 here,

Scarce have I felt the yoke of slavery;
 Your gen'rous hand, still rais'd to sooth affliction,
 Hath wip'd the tears of sorrow from my eyes,
 And soften'd all the rigour of my fate:
 Forgive me, if embolden'd by your goodness
 I ask for more, and center ev'ry hope
 Of future happiness on you alone;
 Forgive me, if to Mahomet's request
 I join Palmira's, and implore that freedom
 He hath already ask'd: O listen to him
 And let me say, that after heav'n and him
 I am indebted most to gen'rous Zopir.

Z O P I R.

Has then oppression such enticing charms,
 That thou shou'd'st wish and beg to be the slave
 Of Mahomet, to hear the clash of arms,
 With him to live in deserts, and in caves,
 And wander o'er his ever shifting country?

P A L M I R A.

PALMIRA.

Where'er the mind with ease and pleasure dwells,
There is our home, and there our native coun-
try :

He form'd my soul ; to Mahomet I owe
The kind instruction of my earlier years ;
Taught by the happy part'ners of his bed,
Who still adoring and ador'd by him
Send up their pray'rs to heav'n for his dear safety,
I liv'd in peace and joy ! for ne'er did woe
Pollute that seat of bliss till the sad hour
Of my misfortune, when wide-wasting war
Rush'd in upon us, and enslav'd Palmira :
Pity, my lord, a heart oppress'd with grief,
That sighs for objects far, far distant from her.

ZOPIR.

I understand you, madam ; you expect
The tyrant's hand, and hope to share his throne.

PALMIRA.

I honour him, my lord ; my trembling soul
Looks up to Mahomet with holy fear
As to a God ; but never did this heart
E'er cherish the vain hope that he wou'd deign
To wed Palmira : No ; such splendor ill
Wou'd suit my humble state.

Z O P I R.

Whoe'er thou art,
 He was not born, I trust, to be thy husband,
 No, nor thy master ; much I err, or thou
 Spring'st from a race design'd by heav'n to check
 This haughty Arab, and give laws to him
 Who thus assumes the majesty of kings.

P A L M I R A.

Alas ! we know not what it is to boast
 Of birth or fortune ; from our infant years
 Without or parents, friends, or country, doom'd
 To slav'ry ; here resign'd to our hard fate,
 Strangers to all but to that God we serve,
 We live content in humble poverty.

Z O P I R.

And can ye be content ? and are ye strangers,
 Without a father, and without a home ?
 I am a childless, poor, forlorn, old man ;
 You might have been the comfort of my age :
 To form a plan of future happiness
 For you, had soften'd my own wretchedness,
 And made me some amends for all my wrongs :
 But you abhor my country and my law.

P A L M I R A.

I am not mistress of myself, and how

Can

Can I be thine? I pity thy misfortunes,
And bleſs thee for thy goodneſs to Palmira:
But Mahomet has been a father to me.

ZOPIR.

A father! ye juſt Gods! the vile impoſtor!

PALMIRA.

Can he deſerve that name, the holy prophet,
The great ambaffador of heav'n, ſent down
T' interpret its high will?

ZOPIR.

Deluded mortals!

How blind ye are, to follow this proud madman,
This happy robber, whom my juſtice ſpared,
And raiſe him from the ſcaffold to a throne!

PALMIRA.

My lord, I ſhudder at your imprecations;
Though I am bound by honour and the ties
Of gratitude to love thee for thy bounties,
This blaſphemy againſt my kind protector
Cancels the bond, and fills my ſoul with horror.
O ſuperſtition, how thy ſavage pow'r
Deprives at once the beſt and tend'reſt hearts
Of their humanity!

ZOPIR.

Alas! Palmira,

C. 3.

Spite

Spite of myself, I feel for thy misfortunes,
Pity thy weakness, and lament thy fate.

PALMIRA.

You will not grant me then——

ZOPIR.

I cannot yield thee
To him who has deceived thy easy heart,
To a base tyrant ! No : thou art a treasure
Too precious to be parted with, and mak'’st
This hypocrite but more detested.

SCENE III.

ZOPIR, PALMIRA, PHANOR.

ZOPIR.

Phanor,

What woud’st thou ?

PHANOR.

At the city gate that leads
To Moad’s fertile plain the valiant Omar
Is just arriv’d.

ZOPIR.

Indeed ! the tyrant’s friend,
The fierce vindictive Omar, his new convert,

Who

Who had so long oppos'd him, and still fought
For us !

PHANOR.

Perhaps he yet may serve his country :
Already he hath offer'd terms of peace ;
Our chiefs have parley'd with him, he demands
An hostage, and I hear they've granted him
The noble Seid.

PALMIRA.

Seid ? gracious heav'n !

PHANOR.

Behold ! my lord, he comes.

ZOPIR.

Ha ! Omar here !
There's no retreating now, he must be heard ;
Palmira, you may leave us.—O ye gods
Of my forefathers, you who have protected
The sons of Ismael these three thousand years,
And thou, O Sun, with all those sacred lights
That glitter round us, witness to my truth,
Aid and support me in the glorious conflict
With proud iniquity !

S C E N E IV.

ZOPIR, OMAR, PHANOR, Attendants.

ZOPIR.

At length, it seems,
Omar returns, after a three years absence,
To visit that lov'd country which his hand
So long defended, and his honest heart
Has now betray'd : deserter of our gods,
Deserter of our laws, how dar'st thou thus
Approach these sacred walls to persecute
And to oppress ; a public robber's slave ;
What is thy errand ? wherefore com'st thou hither ?

OMAR.

To pardon thee : by me our holy prophet,
In pity to thy age, thy well known valour,
And past misfortunes, offers thee his hand :
Omar is come to bring thee terms of peace.

Z O P I R.

And shall a factious rebel offer peace,
Who shou'd have have sued for pardon? gracious
 gods!
Will ye permit him to usurp your pow'r,
And suffer Mahomet to rule mankind?
Dost thou not blush, vile minion as thou art,
To serve a traitor? has thou not beheld him
 Friendless

Friendless and poor, an humble citizen,
 And ranking with the meanest of the throng?
 How little then in fortune or in fame!

OMAR.

Thus low and grov'ling souls like thine pretend
 To judge of merit, whilst in fortune's scale
 Ye weigh the worth of men: proud empty being,
 Dost thou not know that the poor worm which
 crawls!

Low on the earth, and the imperial eagle
 That soars to heav'n, in the all-seeing eye
 Of their eternal Maker are the same,
 And shrink to nothing? men are equal all;
 From virtue only true distinction springs,
 And not from birth: there are exalted spirits
 Who claim respect and honour from themselves,
 And not their ancestors: these, these my lord,
 Are heav'n's peculiar care; and such is he
 Whom I obey, and who alone deserves
 To be a master; all mankind like me
 Shall one day fall before the conqu'ror's feet,
 And future ages follow my example.

ZOPIR.

Omar, I know thee well; thy artful hand
 In vain hath drawn the visionary portrait;
 Thou may'st deceive the multitude, but know,

What Mecca worships Zopir can despise :
 Be honest then, and with th'impartial eye
 Of reason look on Mahomet ; behold him
 But as a mortal, and consider well
 By what base arts the vile impostor rose :
 A camel-driver, a poor abject slave,
 Who first deceived a fond believing woman,
 And now, supported by an idle dream,
 Draws in the weak and cred'ulous multitude.
 Condemn'd to exile, I chastis'd the rebel
 Too lightly, and his insolence returns
 With double force to punish my indulgence.
 He fled with Fatima from cave to cave,
 And suffer'd chains, contempt, and banishment ;
 Mean time the fury which he call'd divine
 Spread like a subtle poison thro' the croud ;
 Medina was infected : Omar then,
 To reason's voice attentive, wou'd have stopp'd
 Th'impetuous torrent ; he had courage then
 And virtue to attack the proud usurper,
 Tho' now he crouches to him like a slave.
 If thy proud master be indeed a prophet,
 How did'st thou dare to punish him ? or why,
 If an impostor, wilt thou dare to serve him ?

O M A R.

I punish'd him because I knew him not ;
 But now the veil of ignorance remov'd,

I see him as he is ; behold him born
To change th'astonish'd world, and rule mankind :
When I beheld him rise in awful pomp
Intrepid, eloquent, by all admir'd,
By all ador'd ; beheld him speak and act,
Punish and pardon like a God, I lent
My little aid, and join'd the conqueror.
Altars, thou know'st, and thrones were our re-
ward ;

Once I was blind, like thee, but, thanks to heav'n!
My eyes are open'd now ; wou'd, Zopir, thine
Were open too ! let me intreat thee, change,
As I have done ; no longer boast thy zeal
And cruel hatred, nor blaspheme our God,
But fall submissive at the hero's feet
Whom thou has injur'd ; kiss the hand that bears
The angry lightning, lest it fall upon thee.

Omar is now the second of mankind ;
A place of honour yet remains for thee ;
If prudent thou wilt yield, and own a master :
What we have been thou know'st, and what we
are :

The multitude are ever weak and blind,
Made for our use, born but to serve the great,
But to admire, believe us, and obey :
Reign then with us, partake the feast of grandeur,
No longer deign to imitate the croud,
But henceforth make 'em tremble.

ZOPIR.

Tremble thou,

And Mahomet, with all thy hateful train :
 Think'st thou that Mecca's faithful chief will fall
 At an impostor's feet, and crown a rebel ?
 I am no stranger to his specious worth ;
 His courage and his conduct have my praise ;
 Were he but virtuous, I like thee shou'd love him ;
 But as he is, I hate the tyrant : hence,
 Nor talk to me of his deceitful mercy,
 His clemency, and goodness ; all his aim
 Is cruelty and vengeance : with this hand
 I slew his darling son ; I banish'd him :
 My hatred is inflexible, and so
 Is Mahomet's resentment : if he e'er
 Re-enters Mecca, he must cut his way
 'Thro' Zopir's blood, for he is deeply stain'd
 With crimes that justice never can forgive.

OMAR.

To shew thee Mahomet is merciful,
 That he can pardon, tho' thou canst not, here
 I offer thee the third of all our spoils
 Which we have ta'en from tributary kings ;
 Name your conditions, and the terms of peace ;
 Set your own terms on fair Palmira ; take
 Our treasures, and be happy.

ZOPIR.

Z O P I R.

Think'st thou Zopir
Will basely sell his honour and his country,
Will blast his name with infamy for wealth,
The foul reward of guilt, or that Palmira
Will ever own a tyrant for her master?
She is too virtuous e'er to be the slave
Of Mahomet, nor will I suffer her
To fall a sacrifice to base impostors,
Who wou'd subvert the laws, and undermine
The safety and the virtue of mankind.

O M A R.

Implacably severe! thou talk'st to Omar
As if he were a criminal, and thou
His judge; but henceforth I would have thee act
A better part, and treat me as a friend,
As the ambassador of Mahomet,
A conqu'ror, and a king.

Z O P I R.

A king! who made,
Who crown'd him?

O M A R.

Victory: respect his glory,
And tremble at his pow'r: amidst his conquests
The hero offers peace; our swords are still

Unsheath'd,

Unsheath'd, and woe to this rebellious city
 If she submits not : think what blood must flow,
 The blood of half our fellow-citizens ;
 Consider, Zopir, Mahomet is here,
 And even now requests to speak with thee,

Z O P I R.

Ha ! Mahomet !

O M A R.

Yes, he conjures thee.

Z O P I R.

Traitor !

Were I the sole despotic ruler here,
 He shou'd be answer'd soon—by chastisement.

O M A R.

I pity, Zopir, thy pretended virtue ;
 But since the senate insolently claim
 Divided empire with thee, to the senate
 Let us begone ; Omar will meet thee there.

Z O P I R.

I'll follow thee : we then shall see who best
 Can plead his cause : I will defend my gods,
 My country, and her laws ; thy impious voice

Shall

Shall bellow for thy vengeful deity,
Thy persecuting god, and his false prophet.

[Turning to Phanor.

Haste, Phanor, and with me repulse the traitor ;
Who spares a villain, is a villain :—come,
Let us, my friend, unite to crush his pride,
Subvert his wily purposes, destroy him,
Or perish in th' attempt ! If Mecca listens
To Zopir's counsels, I shall free my country
From a proud tyrant's pow'r, and save mankind.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

SEID, PALMIRA.

PALMIRA.

Welcome, my Seid, do I see thee here
Once more in safety ? what propitious
God

Conducted thee ? at length Palmira's woes
Shall have an end, and we may yet be happy.

SEID.

SEID.

Thou sweetest charmer, balm of ev'ry woe,
Dear object of my wishes and my tears,
O since that day, of blood when flush'd with conquest

The fierce barbarian snatch'd thee from my arms,
When mid'st a heap of slaughter'd friends I lay
Expiring on the ground, and call'd on death,
But call'd in vain, to end my hated being,
What have I suffer'd for my dear Palmira !
How have I curs'd the tardy hours that long
With-held my vengeance ! my distracted soul
Impatient thirsted for the bloody field,
That with these hands I might lay waste his seat
Of slav'ry, where Palmira mourn'd so long
In sad captivity ; but, thanks to heav'n !
Our holy prophet, whose deep purposes
Are far beyond the ken of human wisdom,
Hath hither sent his chosen servant Omar ;
I flew to meet him, they requir'd an hostage ;
I gave my faith, and they receiv'd it ; firm
In my resolve to live or die for thee.

PALMIRA.

Seid, the very moment e'er thou cam'st
To calm my fears, and save me from despair,
Was I intreating the proud ravisher :

Thou

Thou know'st, I cry'd, the only good on earth
I priz'd is left behind, restore it to me :
Then clasp'd his knees, fell at the tyrant's feet,
And bath'd 'em with my tears, but all in vain :
How his unkind refusal shock'd my soul !
My eyes grew dim, and motionless I stood
As one depriv'd of life ; no succour nigh,
No ray of hope was left, when Seid came
To ease my troubled heart, and bring me comfort.

SEID.

Who cou'd behold unmov'd Palmira's woes ?

PALMIRA.

The cruel Zopir ; not insensible
He seem'd to my misfortunes, yet at last
Unkindly told me, I must never hope
To leave these walls, for nought shou'd tear me
from him.

SEID.

'Tis false ; for Mahomet, my royal master,
With the victorious Omar, and forgive me
If to these noble friends I proudly add
The name of Seid, these shall set thee free,
Dry up thy tears, and make Palmira happy :
The God of Mahomet, our great protector,
That God whose sacred standard I have borne ;

He who destroy'd Medina's haughty ramparts,
 Shall lay rebellious Mecca at our feet;
 Omar is here, and the glad people look
 With eyes of friendship on him; in the name
 Of Mahomet he comes, and meditates
 Some noble purpose.

PALMIRA.

Mahomet indeed
 Might free us, and unite two hearts, long since
 Devoted to his cause; but he, alas!
 Is far remov'd, and we abandon'd captives.

S C E N E II.

PALMIRA, SEID, OMAR.

OMAR.

Despair not; heav'n perhaps may yet reward you,
 For Mahomet and liberty are nigh.

SEID.

Is he then come?

PALMIRA.

Our friend and father?

OMAR.

Yes.

I met the council, and by Mahomet

Inspir'd

Inspir'd, address'd them thus: " Within these
" walls,

" Ev'n here, I cry'd, the favourite of heav'n,
" Our holy prophet, first drew breath, the great
" The mighty conqu'ror, the support of kings,
" And will ye not permit him but to rank
" As friend and fellow-citizen? he comes not
" To ruin or enslave, but to protect,
" To teach you, and to save, to fix his pow'r,
" And hold dominion o'er the conquer'd heart."

I spake; the hoary sages smil'd applause,
And all inclin'd to favour us; but Zopir,
Still resolute and still inflexible,
Declar'd, the people shou'd be call'd together,
And give their gen'ral voice. The people met;
Again I spake, address'd the citizens,
Exhorted, threaten'd, practis'd ev'ry art
To win their favour, and at length prevail'd;
The gates are open'd to great Mahomet,
Who after fifteen years of cruel exile
Returns to bless once more his native land;
With him the gallant Hali, brave Hercides,
And Hammon the invincible, besides
A numerous train of chosen followers:
The people throng around him; some with looks
Of hatred, some with smiles of cordial love;
Some bless the hero, and some curse the tyrant:
Some threaten and blaspheme, whilst others fall.

Beneath

Beneath his feet, embrace and worship him ;
Mean-time the names of God, of peace, and freedom,

Are echo'd thro' the all-believing croud ;
Whilst Zopir's dying party bellows forth
In idle threats its impotent revenge :
Amidst their cries, unruffled and serene,
In triumph walks the god-like Mahomet,
Bearing the olive in his hand ; already
Peace is proclaim'd, and see ! the conqu'ror
comes..

S C E N E III.

MAHOMET, OMAR, HERCIDES,
SEID, PALMIRA, Attendants.

MAHOMET.

My friends, and fellow-lab'ers, valiant Hali,
Morad, and Hammon, and Hercides, hence
To your great work, and in my name instruct
The people, lead them to the paths of truth,
Promise and threaten ; let my God alone
Be worshipp'd, and let those who will not love,
Be taught to fear him.—Seid, art thou here ?

SEID.

My ever-honour'd father, and my king,
Led by that pow'r divine who guided thee

To.

To Mecca's walls, preventing your commands
I came, prepar'd to live or die with thee.

MAHOMET.

You shou'd have waited for my orders ; he
Who goes beyond his duty, knows it not ;
I am heav'n's minister, and thou art mine ;
Learn then of me to serve and to obey.

PALMIRA.

Forgive, my lord, a youth's impatient ardor :
Brought up together from our infant years,
The same our fortunes, and our thoughts the same :
Alas ! my life has been a life of sorrow ;
Long have I languish'd in captivity,
Far from my friends, from Seid, and from thee ;
And now at last, when I beheld a ray
Of comfort shining on me, thy unkindness
Blasts my fair hopes, and darkens all the scene.

MAHOMET.

Palmira, 'tis enough : I know thy virtues ;
Let nought disturb thee : spite of all my cares,
Glory, and empire, and the weight of war,
I will remember thee ; Palmira still
Lives in my heart, and shares it with mankind :
Seid shall join our troops ; thou, gentle maid,
May'st serve thy God in peace : fear nought but
Zopir.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

MAHOMET, OMAR.

MAHOMET.

Brave Omar, stay, for in thy faithful bosom
Will I repose the secrets of my soul :
The ling'ring progress of a doubtful siege
May stop our rapid course ; we must not give
These weak deluded mortals too much time
To pry into our actions : prejudice
Rules o'er the vulgar with despotic sway.
Thou know'st there is a tale which I have spread,
And they believe, that universal empire
Awaits the prophet, who to Mecca's walls
Shall lead his conqu'ring bands, and bring her
peace.

'Tis mine to mark the errors of mankind,
And to avail me of them ; but whilst thus
I try each art to sooth this fickle people,
What thinks my friend of Seid and Palmira ?

O M A R.

I think most nobly of them, that amidst
Those few staunch followers who own no God,
No faith but thine, who love thee as their father,
Their friend, and benefactor, none obey

Or

Or serve thee with an humbler, better mind ;
They are most faithful.

MAHOMET.

Omar, thou'rt deceiv'd.
They are my worst of foes ; they love each other.

OMAR.

And can you blame their tenderneſs ?

MAHOMET.

My friend,
I'll tell thee all my weakneſs.

OMAR.

How, my lord !

MAHOMET.

Thou know'ſt the reigning paſſion of my ſoul :
Whilſt proud ambition and the cares of empire
Weigh'd heavy on me, Mahomet's hard life
Has been a conflict with oppoſing nature,
Whom I have vanquiſh'd by aſterity,
And ſelf-denial ; I have baniſh'd from me
That baleful poiſon which unnerves mankind,
Which only ſerves to fire them into madneſs,
And brutal follies ; on the burning ſand
Or deſert rocks I brave th' inclement ſky,
And bear the ſeaſons, rough viciffitude :
Love is my only ſolace, the dear object

Of

Of all my toils, the idol I adore,
 The God of Mahomet, the pow'rful rival
 Of my ambition. Know, mid'st all my quens,
 Palmira reigns sole mistress of my heart :
 Think then what pangs of jealousy thy friend
 Must feel when she express'd her fatal passion
 For Seid.

O M A R.

But thou art reveng'd.

M A H O M E T.

Judge thou

If soon I ought not to take vengeance on them :
 That thou may'st hate my rival more, I'll tell thee
 Who Seid and Palmira are—the children
 Of him whom I abhor, my deadliest foe.

O M A R.

Ha ! Zopir !

M A H O M E T.

Is their father : fifteen years
 Are past since brave Hercides to my care
 Gave up their infant years ; they know not yet
 Or who or what they are ; I brought them up
 Together ; I indulg'd their lawless passion,
 And added fuel to the guilty flame.
 Methinks it is as if the hand of heav'n

Had

Had meant in them to center ev'ry crime.
 But I must—Ha! their father comes this way,
 His eyes are full of bitterness and wrath
 Against me:—now be vigilant, my Omar,
 Hercides must be careful to possess
 This most important pass; return, and tell me
 Whether 'tis most expedient to declare
 Against him, or retreat: away.

S C E N E V.

Z O P I R, M A H O M E T.

Z O P I R.

Hard fate!

Unhappy Zopir! thus compell'd to meet
 My worst of foes, the foe of all mankind!

M A H O M E T.

Since 'tis the will of heav'n that Mahomet
 And Zopir shou'd at length unite, approach
 Without a blush, and fearless tell thy tale.

Z O P I R.

I blush for thee alone, whose baneful arts
 Have drawn thy country to the brink of ruin;
 Who in the bosom of fair peace wou'd'st wage
 Intestine war, loosen the sacred bonds
 Of friendship, and destroy our happiness;

V O L. VI.

D

Beneath

Beneath the veil of proffer'd terms thou mean'st
 But to betray, whilst discord stalks before thee :
 Thou vile assemblage of hypocrisy
 And insolence ! abhorred tyrant ! thus
 Do the chos'n ministers of heav'n dispense
 Its sacred blessings, and announce their God ?

M A H O M E T.

Wert thou not Zopir, I wou'd answer thee
 As thou deserv'st, in thunder ! by the voice
 Of that offended being thou derid'st :
 Arm'd with the hallow'd Koran I wou'd teach thee
 To tremble and obey in humble silence :
 And with the subject world to kneel before me ;
 But I will talk to thee without disguise,
 As man to man shou'd speak, and friend to friend :
 I have ambition, Zopir ; where's the man
 Who has it not ? but never citizen,
 Or chief, or priest, or king projected aught
 So noble as the plan of Mahomet.
 In acts or arms hath ev'ry nation shone
 Superior in its turn : Arabia now
 Steps forth ; that gen'rous people, long unknown
 And unrespected, saw her glories sunk,
 Her honours lost ; but, lo ! the hour is come
 When she shall rise to vict'ry and renown ;
 The world lies desolate from pole to pole ;
 India's a slave, and bleeding Persia mourns

Her

Her slaughter'd sons ; whilst Egypt hangs the head
Dejected ; from the walls of Constantine
Splendor is fled ; the Roman empire, torn
By discord, sees its scatter'd members spread
On ev'ry side inglorious ; let us raise
Arabia on the ruins of mankind :
The blind and tott'ring universe demands
Another worship, and another God.
Crete had her Minos, Ægypt her Osiris,
To Asia Zoroaster gave his laws,
And Numa was in Italy ador'd :
O'er savage nations where nor monarch ruled
Nor manners soften'd, nor religion taught,
Hath many a sage his fruitless maxims spread :
Beneath a nobler yoke I mean to bend
The prostrate world, and change their feeble laws,
Abolish their false worship, to pull down
Their pow'rless gods, and on my purer faith
Found universal empire : say not, Zopir,
That Mahomet betrays his country, no.
I mean but to destroy its weak supports,
And, banishing idolatry, unite it
Beneath one king, one prophet, and one God ;
I shall subdue it but to make it glorious.

Z O P I R.

Is this thy purpose then, and dar'st thou thus
Avow it ? can'st thou change the hearts of men,

D 2

And

And make them think like thee? are war and
slaughter

The harbingers of wisdom and of peace ;
Can he who ravages, instruct mankind ?
If in the night of ignorance and error
We long have wander'd, must thy dreadful torch
Enlighten us? what right hast thou to empire?

M A H O M E T.

That right which firm exalted spirits claim
O'er vulgar minds.

Z O P I R.

Thus ev'ry bold impostor
May forge new setters, and enslave mankind :
He has a right, it seems, to cheat the world,
If he can do it with an air of grandeur.

M A H O M E T.

I know your people well ; I know they want
A leader ; my religion, true or false,
Is needful to them : what have all your gods
And all your idols done? what laurels grow
Beneath their altars? your low grov'ling sect
Debases man, unnerves his active soul,
And makes it heavy, phlegmatic, and mean ;
Whilst mine exalts it, gives it strength and cou-
rage:
My law forms heroes.

Z O P I R.

Z O P I R.

Rather call them robbers :

Away ; nor bring thy hateful lessons here ;
Go to the school of tyrants, boast thy frauds
To lost Medina, where thou reign'st supreme,
Where blinded bigots bend beneath thy pow'r,
And thou behold'st thy equals at thy feet.

M A H O M E T.

My equals ! Mahomet has none ; long since
I pass'd 'em all ; Medina is my own,
And Mecca trembles at me ; if thou hold'st
Thy safety dear, receive the peace I offer.

Z O P I R.

Thou talk'st of peace, but 'tis not in thy heart ;
I'm not to be deceiv'd.

M A H O M E T.

I wou'd not have thee ;
The weak deceive, the powerful command :
To-morrow I shall force thee to submit ;
To-day, observe, I wou'd have been thy friend.

Z O P I R.

Can we be friends ? can Mahomet and Zopir
E'er be united ? say, what God shall work
A miracle like that ?

MAHOMET.

I'll tell thee one,
A pow'rful God, one that is always heard;
By me he speaks to thee.

ZOPIR.

Who is it? name him.

MAHOMET.

Int'rest, thy own dear int'rest.

ZOPIR.

Sooner heav'n
And hell shall be united; interest
May be the god of Mahomet, but mine
Is—justice: what shall join them to each other?
Where is the cement that must bind our friendship?
Is it that son I slew, or the warm blood
Of Zopir's house which thou has shed?

MAHOMET.

It is
Thy blood, thy son's—for now I will unveil
A secret to thee, known to none but me:
Thou weepest thy children dead; they both are—
living.

ZOPIR.

ZOPIR.

What say'st thou? living? unexpected bliss!
My children living?

MAHOMET.

Yes; and both my pris'ners.

ZOPIR.

My children slaves to thee? impossible!

MAHOMET.

My bounty nourish'd them.

ZOPIR.

And cou'd'st thou spare
A child of Zopir's?

MAHOMET.

For their father's faults
I wou'd not punish them.

ZOPIR.

But tell me, say,
For what are they reserv'd?

MAHOMET.

Their life or death
Depend on me: speak but the word, and thou
Art master of their fate.

D 4

ZOPIR.

Z O P I R.

O name the price
And thou shalt have it ; must I give my blood,
Or must I bear their chains, and be the slave
Of Mahomet ?

M A H O M E T.

I ask not either of thee:
Lend me thy aid but to subdue the world ;
Surrender Mecca to me, and give up
Your temple, bid th'astonish'd people read
My sacred Alkoran, be thou my vassal,
And fall before me, then will I restore
Thy son, perhaps hereafter may reward thee
With honours, and contract a closer tie
With Zopir.

Z O P I R.

Mahomet, thou see'st in me
A tender father: after fifteen years
Of cruel absence, to behold my children,
To die in their embraces, were the first
And fairest blessing that my soul cou'd wish for ;
But if to thee I must betray my country,
Or sacrifice my children, know, proud tyrant,
The choice is made already—fare thee well.

M A H O M E T.

Inexorable dotard ! but henceforth

I will

I will be more implacable, more cruel
Ev'n than thyself.

S C E N E VI.

MAHOMET, OMAR.

OMAR.

And so indeed thou must be,
Or all is lost : already I have bought
Their secret counsels : Mahomet, to-morrow
The truce expires, and Zopir reassumes
His pow'r ; thy life's in danger : half the senate
Are leagu'd against thee : those who dare not fight
May hire the dark assassin to destroy thee ;
May screen their guilt beneath the mask of justice,
And call the murder legal punishment.

MAHOMET.

First they shall feel my vengeance : persecution,
Thou know'st, has ever been my best support,
Zopir must die.

OMAR.

'Tis well resolv'd : his fate
Will teach the rest obedience : lose no time.

MAHOMET.

Yet, spite of my resentment, I must hide
The murth'rous hand that deals the blow, to 'scape

D 5

Suspicion's

Suspicion's watchful eye, and not incense
The multitude.

OMAR.

They are not worth our care.

MAHOMET.

And yet they must be pleas'd : I want an arm
That will strike boldly.

OMAR.

Seid is the man ;
I'll answer for him.

MAHOMET.

Seid ?

OMAR.

Ay : the best,
The fittest instrument to serve our purpose :
As Zopir's hostage he may find occasion
To speak with him, and soon avenge his master.
Thy other fav'rites are too wise, too prudent,
For such a dang'rous enterprize ; old age
Takes off the bandage of credulity
From mortal eyes ; but the young simple heart
The willing slave to its own fond opinions,
And void of guile, will act as we direct it :
Youth is the proper period for delusion.

Seid,

Seid, thou know'st, is superstitious, bold,
And violent, but easy to be led ;
Like a tame lion, to his keeper's voice
Obedient.

M A H O M E T.

What ! the brother of Palmira ?

O M A R.

Ay ; Seid, the fierce son of thy proud foe,
Th'incestuous rival of great Mahomet,
His master's rival.

M A H O M E T.

I detest him, Omar,
Abhor his very name ; my murther'd son
Cries out for vengeance on him ; but thou know'st
The object of my love, and whence she sprung ;
Thou see'st I am oppress'd on ev'ry side ;
I wou'd have altars, victims, and a throne ;
I wou'd have Zopir's blood, and Seid's too :
I must consult my int'rest, my revenge,
My honour, and my love, that fatal passion,
Which, spite of my resentment, holds this heart
In shameful chains : I must consult religion,
All pow'rful motive, and necessity
That throws a veil o'er ev'ry crime—away.

END of the SECOND ACT.

D. 6.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

SEID, PALMIRA.

PALMIRA.

O Seid, keep me not in dread suspense,
What is this secret sacrifice? what blood
Hath heav'n demanded?

SEID.

The eternal pow'r
Deigns to accept my service, calls on me
To execute its purposes divine;
To him this heart's devoted, and for him
This arm shall rise in vengeance; I am bound
To Omar and to Mahomet, have sworn
To perish in the glorious cause of heav'n:
My next and dearest care shall be Palmira.

PALMIRA.

Why was not I a witness to thy oath?
Had I been with thee, I had been less wretched;
But doubts distract me: Omar talks of treason,
Of blood that soon must flow; the senate's rage,
And Zopir's dark intrigues: the flames of war
Once more are kindled, and the sword is drawn,
Heav'n

Heav'n only knows when to be sheath'd again:
 So says our prophet, he who cannot lye,
 Cannot deceive us: O I fear for Seid,
 Fear all from Zopir:

SEID.

Can he have a heart
 So base and so perfidious? but this morning,
 When as an hostage I appear'd before him,
 I thought him noble, gen'rous, and humane;
 Some pow'r invincible in secret work'd,
 And won me to him; whether the respect
 Due to his name, or specious form external
 Conceal'd the blackness of his heart, I know not;
 Whether thy presence fill'd my raptur'd soul
 With joy that drove out ev'ry painful sense,
 And wou'd not let me think on aught but thee:
 Whate'er the cause, methought I was most happy
 When nearest him: that he shou'd thus seduce
 My easy heart, makes me detest him more;
 And yet how hard it is to look on those
 With eyes of hatred whom we wish to love!

PALMIRA.

By ev'ry bond hath heav'n united us,
 And Seid and Palmira are the same:
 Were I not bound to thee, and to that faith
 Which Mahomet inspires, I too had pleaded

The

The cause of Zopir ; but religion, love,
And nature, all forbid it.

SEID.

Think no more
Of vain remorse, but listen to the voice
Of heav'n, the God we serve will be propitious :
Our holy prophet who protects his children
Will bless our faithful love : for thy dear sake
I hazard all. Farewell.

SCENE II.

PALMIRA alone.

Some dark presage
Of future misery hangs o'er me still :
That love which made my happiness, this day,
So often wish'd for, is a day of horror :
What is this dreadful oath, this solemn compact
Which Seid talks of ? I've a thousand fears
Upon me when I think of Zopir : oft
As I invoke great Mahomet, I feel
A secret dread, and tremble as I worship :
O save me, heav'n ! fearful I obey,
And blind I follow : O direct my steps
Aright, and deign to wash my tears away !

SCENE

SCENE III.

MAHOMET, PALMIRA.

PALMIRA.

Propitious heav'n hath heard my pray'rs; he
comes,

The prophet comes. O gracious Mahomet,
My Seid——

MAHOMET.

What of him? thou seem'st disturb'd;
What shou'd Palmira fear when I am with her!

PALMIRA.

Have I not cause when Mahomet himself
Seems touch'd with grief?

MAHOMET.

Perhaps it is for thee:
Dar'st thou, imprudent maid, avow a passion
Ere I approv'd it: is the heart I form'd
Turn'd rebel to its master, to my laws
Unfaithful? O ingratitude!

PALMIRA.

My Lord,
Behold me at your feet, and pity me:

Did'st

Didst thou not once propitious smile upon us,
 And give thy sanction to our growing love?
 Thou know'st the virtuous passion that unites us
 Is but a chain that binds us more to thee.

MAHOMET.

The bonds that folly and imprudence knit
 Are dang'rous; guilt doth sometimes follow close
 The steps of innocence: our hearts deceive us,
 And love, with all his store of dear delights,
 May cost us tears, and dip his shafts in blood.

PALMIRA.

Nor wou'd I murmur if it flow'd for Seid.

MAHOMET.

Are you indeed so fond?

PALMIRA.

E'er since the day 1
 When good Hercides to thy sacred pow'r
 Consign'd us both, unconquerable instinct,
 Still growing with our years, united us
 In tender friendship; 'twas the work of heav'n
 That guides our ev'ry action, and o'er-rules
 The fate of mortals; so thy doctrines teach:
 God cannot change, nor gracious heav'n con-
 demn

That

That love itself inspir'd : what once was right
Is always so ; can'st thou then blame Palmira ?

MAHOMET.

I can, and must ; nay, thou wilt tremble more
When I reveal the horrid secret to thee.
Attend, rash maid, and let me teach thy soul
What to avoid, and what to follow : listen
To me alone.

PALMIRA.

To thee alone Palmira
Will listen ever, the obedient slave
Of Mahomet ; this heart can never lose
Its veneration for thy sacred name.

MAHOMET.

That veneration in excess may lead
To soul ingratitude.

PALMIRA.

When I forget
Thy goodness, then may Seid punish me !

MAHOMET.

Seid ?

PALMIRA.

O why, my lord, that cruel frown,
And look severe ?

MAHO-

MAHOMET.

Be not alarm'd ; I meant
 But to explore the secrets of thy heart,
 And try if thou wert worthy to be sav'd :
 Be confident, and rest on my protection ;
 On your obedience will depend your fate ;
 If ye expect a blessing at my hands,
 Be careful to deserve it, and whate'er
 The will of heav'n determines touching Seid,
 Be thou his guide, direct him in the paths
 Of duty, and religion ; let him keep
 His promise, and be worthy of Palmira.

PALMIRA.

O he will keep it ; doubt him not, my lord,
 I'll answer for his heart as for my own ;
 Seid adores thee, worships Mahomet
 More than he loves Palmira ; thou art all
 To him, his friend, his father, and his king :
 I'll fly, and urge him to his duty.

S C E N E IV.

MAHOMET alone.

Well :
 Spite of myself I must, it seems, be made
 A confident ; the simple girl betray'd

Her

Her guilty flame, and innocently plung'd
The dagger in my heart: unhappy race!
Father, and children, all my foes, all doom'd
To make me wretched! but ye soon shall prove
That dreadful is my hatred,—and my love.

S C E N E V.

MAHOMET, OMAR.

OMAR.

At length the hour is come, to seize Palmira,
To conquer Mecca, and to punish Zopir;
His death alone can prop our feeble cause,
And humble these proud citizens: brave Seid
Can best revenge thee; he has free access
To Zopir: yonder gloomy passage leads
To his abode; there the rebellious chief
His idle vows and flatt'ring incense pours
Before his fancy'd deities; there Seid,
Full of the law divine by thee inspir'd,
Shall sacrifice the traitor to the God
Of Mahomet.

MAHOMET.

He shall: that youth was born
For crimes of deepest die: he shall be first
My useful slave, my instrument, and then
The victim of my rage; it must be so:
My safety, my resentment, and my love,

My

My holy faith, and the decrees of fate
 Irrevocable, all require it of me :
 But think'st thou, Omar, he hath all the warmth
 Of wild fanaticism ?

OMAR.

I know he has,
 And suits our purpose well ; Palmira too
 Will urge him on ; religion, love, resentment
 Will blind his headstrong youth, and hurry him
 To madness.

MAHOMET.

Hast thou bound him by an oath ?

OMAR.

O yes ; in all the gloomy pomp of rites
 Nocturnal, oaths, and altars, we have fix'd
 His superstitious soul, plac'd in his hand
 The sacred sword, and fir'd him with the rage
 Of fierce enthusiasm—but behold him.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, OMAR, SEID.

MAHOMET.

Child

Of heav'n, decreed to execute the laws

Of

Of an offended God, now hear by me
His sacred will : thou must avenge his cause.

SEID.

O thou, to whom my soul devoted bends
In humblest adoration, king, and prophet,
Sov'reign acknowledg'd by the voice of heav'n
O'er prostrate nations—I am wholly thine :
But O enlighten my dark mind, O say,
How can weak man avenge his God ?

MAHOMET.

Of times

Doth he make use of feeble hands like thine
To punish impious mortals, and assert
His pow'r divine.

SEID.

Will he, whose perfect image
Is seen in Mahomet, thus condescend
To honour Seid ?

MAHOMET.

Do as he ordains ;
That is the highest honour man can boast
Blindly to execute his great decree :
Be thankful for the choice, and strike the blow :

I

The

The angel of destruction shall assist,
The God of armies shall protect thee.

SEID.

Speak ;

What tyrant must be slain ? what blood must flow ?

M A H O M E T.

The murth'rer's blood whom Mahomet abhors,
Who persecutes our faith, and spurns our God,
Who slew my son, the worst of all my foes,
The cruel Zopir.

SEID.

Ha ! must Zopir fall ?

M A H O M E T.

And dost thou pause ? presumptuous youth ! 'tis
impious

But to deliberate : far from Mahomet
Be all who for themselves shall dare to judge
Audacious ; those who reason are not oft
Prone to believe ; thy part is to obey.
Have I not told thee what the will of heav'n
Determines ? if it be decreed that Mecca,
Spite of her crimes and base idolatry,
Shall be the promis'd temple, the chos'n seat
Of empire, where I am appointed king,

And

And pontiff, know'st thou why our Mecca boasts
 These honours? know'st thou holy Abram here
 Was born, that here his sacred ashes *rest?
 He who, obedient to the voice of God,
 Stifled the cries of nature, and gave up
 His darling child: the same all pow'rful Being
 Requires of thee a sacrifice, to thee
 He calls for blood; and dar'st thou hesitate
 When God commands? hence, vile idolater,
 Unworthy Musulman, away, and seek
 Another master; go, and love Palmira;
 But thou despisest her, and brav'st the wrath
 Of angry heav'n; away, forsake thy lord,
 And serve his deadliest foes.

SEID.

It is the voice
 Of God that speaks in Mahomet:—command,
 And I obey.

M A H O M E T.

Strike then, and by the blood
 Of Zopir merit life eternal.—Omar,
 Attend and watch him well.

* The Mussulmans are persuaded that the tomb of Abraham
 is at Mecca.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

SEID alone.

To sacrifice

A poor defenceless weak old man !—no matter :
 How many victims at the altar fall
 As helpless ! yet their blood in grateful streams
 Rises to heav'n : God hath appointed me ;
 Seid hath sworn, and Seid shall perform
 His sacred promise :—O assist me now
 Illustrious spirits, you who have destroy'd
 The tyrants of the earth, O join your rage
 To mine, O guide this trembling hand, and thou
 Exterminating angel, who defend'st
 The cause of Mahomet, inspire his heart
 With all thy fierceness !—ha ! what do I see ?

S C E N E VIII.

ZOPIR, SEID.

ZOPIR.

Seid, thou seem'st disturb'd ; unhappy youth !
 Why art thou rank'd amongst my foes ? my heart
 Feels for thy woes, and trembles at thy danger ;
 Horrors on horrors croud on every side ;
 My house may be a shelter from the storm,

Accept

Accept it, thou art welcome, for thy life
Is dear to Zopir.

SEID.

Gracious heav'n ! wilt thou
Protect me thus ? Will Zopir guard his foe ?
What do I hear ! O duty, conscience, virtue !
O Mahomet, this rives my heart.

ZOPIR.

Perhaps
Thou art surpris'd to find that I can pity
An enemy, and wish for Seid's welfare ;
I am a man like thee, that tie alone
Demands at least a sympathetic tear
For innocence afflicted : gracious gods,
Drive from this earth those base and savage men,
Who shed with joy their fellow-creature's blood.

SEID.

O glorious sentiments ! and can there be
Such virtue in an infidel ?

ZOPIR.

Thou know'st
But little of that virtue thus to stand
Astonish'd at it ! O mistaken youth,
In what a maze of errors art thou lost !
Bound by a tyrant's savage laws, thou think'st

Virtue resides in Mussulmen alone.

Thy master rules thee with a rod of iron,
And shackles thy free soul in shameful bonds;
Zopir thou hat'st, alas! thou know'st him not:
I pardon thee because thou art the slave
Of Mahomet: but how can'st thou believe
A God who teaches hatred, and delights
In discord?

SEID.

O I never can obey him;
I know, and feel I cannot hate thee, Zopir.

ZOPIR.

Alas! the more I talk to him, the more
He gains upon me; his ingenuous look,
His youth, his candor, all conspire to charm me:
How could a follower of this vile impostor
Thus win my heart! Who gavest thee birth? what
art thou?

SEID.

A wretched orphan; all I have on earth
Is a kind master, whom I never yet
Have disobey'd; howe'er my love for thee
May tempt me to betray him.

ZOPIR.

Know'st thou not

Thy parents then?

SEID.

SEID.

His camp was the first object
My eyes beheld ; his temple is my country ;
I know no other ; and amidst the crowd
Of yearly tributes to our holy prophet,
None e'er was treated with more tenderness
Than Seid was.

ZOPIR.

I love his gratitude :
Thy kind return for benefits receiv'd
Merits my praise :—O why did heaven employ
The hand of Mahomet in such an office ?
He was thy father, and Palmira's too ;
Why dost thou sigh ? why dost thou tremble thus ?
Why turn thee from me ? sure some dreadful
thought
Hangs on thy mind.

SEID.

It must be so : the times
Are full of terror.

ZOPIR.

If thou feel'st remorse
Thy heart is guiltless ; murder is abroad,
Let me preserve thy life.

E 2

SEID.

SEID.

O gracious heaven!
And can I have a thought of taking thine?
Palmira! O my oath! O God of vengeance!

ZOPIR.

For the last time remember I intreat thee
To follow me; away, thy fate depends
Upon this moment.

SCENE IX.

ZOPIR, SEID, OMAR.

OMAR. [Entering hastily.

Traitor, Mahomet
Expects thee.

SEID.

O! I know not where nor what
I am; destruction, ruin, and despair
On every side await me: whither now
Shall wretched Seid fly?

OMAR.

To him whom God
Hath chosen, thy injur'd king, and master.

SEID.

Yes:

And there abjure the dreadful oath I made.

SCENE X.

ZOPIR alone.

The desperate youth is gone—I know not why,
But my heart beats for his distress; his looks,
His pity, his remorse, his every action
Affect me deeply: I must follow him.

SCENE XI.

ZOPIR, PHANOR.

PHANOR.

This letter, sir, was by an Arab given
In secret to me.

ZOPIR.

From Hercides! gods,
What do I read? will heaven in tenderest pity
At length repay me for a life of sorrows?
Hercides begs to see me—he who snatch'd
From this fond bosom my two helpless children;

E 3

They

They yet are living, so this paper tells me,
Slaves to the tyrant—Seid and Palmira
Are orphans both, and know not whence they
sprang,

Perhaps my children—O delusive hope,
Why wilt thou flatter me? it cannot be;
Fain would I credit thee, thou sweet deceiver:
I fly to meet and to embrace my children;
Yes; I will see Hercides: let him come
At midnight to me, to this holy altar,
Where I so often have invok'd the gods,
At last perhaps propitious to my vows:
O! ye immortal powers, restore my children,
Give back to virtue's paths two generous hearts
Corrupted by an impious vile usurper!
If Seid and Palmira are not mine,
If such is my hard fate, I will adopt
The noble pair, and be their father still.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

MAHOMET.

79

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

MAHOMET, OMAR.

OMAR.

MY lord, our secret is discover'd ; Seid
Has told Hercides ; we are on the verge
Of ruin, yet I know he will obey.

MAHOMET.

Reveal'd it, sayst thou ?

OMAR.

Yes : Hercides loves him

With tendernefs.

MAHOMET.

Indeed ! what said he to it ?

OMAR.

He stood aghast, and seem'd to pity Zopir.

MAHOMET.

He's weak, and therefore not to be entrusted ;

Tools ever will be traitors : but no matter,

CT let him take heed ; a method may be found

To rid us of such dangerous witnesses :

Omar, have my orders been obey'd ?

E 4

OMAR.

OMAR,

They have, my lord.

MAHOMET.

'Tis well : remember, Omar,

In one important hour, or Mahomet
Or Zopir is no more ; if Zopir dies,
The credulous people will adore that God
Who thus declared for me, and sav'd his prophet
Be this our first great object ; that once done,
Take care of Seid ; art thou sure the poison
Will do its office ?

OMAR.

Fear it not, my lord.

MAHOMET.

O, we must work in secret ! the dark shades
Of death must hide our purpose—while we shed
Old Zopir's blood, be sure you keep Palmira
In deepest ignorance ; she must not know
The secret of her birth : her bliss and mine
Depend upon it ; well thou know'st, my triumph
From error's fruitful source incessant flow :
The ties of blood, and all their boasted power
Are mere delusions : what are nature's bonds ?
Nothing but habit, the mere source of custom :
Palmira knows no duty but obedience

M A H O M E T. 81

To me; I am her lord, her king, her father,
Perhaps may add the name of husband to them:
Her little heart will beat with proud ambition
To captivate her master—but the hour
Approaches that must rid me of my foe,
The hated Zopir: Seid is prepared—
And see, he comes: let us retire.

OMAR.

Observe

His wild demeanour; rage and fierce resentment
Possess his soul.

S C E N E II.

MAHOMET and OMAR. retired to one side
of the stage, SEID at the further end.

SEID.

This dreadful duty then
Must be fulfill'd.

MAHOMET. [To Omar]

Let us begone, in search
Of other means to make our power secure.

[Exit with Omar.]

SEID alone.

I could not answer; one reproachful word

E 5

From

From Mahomet suffic'd : I stood abash'd,
 But not convine'd : if heaven requires it of me,
 I must obey ; but it will cost me dear.

S C E N E III.

SEID, PALMIRA.

SEID.

Palmira, art thou here ; what fatal cause
 Hath led thee to this seat of horror ?

PALMIRA.

Fear

And love directed me to find thee, Seid,
 To ask thee what dread sacrifice thou mean'st
 To offer here ; do heaven and Mahomet
 Demand it of thee, must it be ? O speak.

SEID.

Palmira, thou command'st my every thought
 And every action ; all depend on thee :
 Direct them as thou wilt, inform my soul,
 And guide my hand : be thou my guardian God,
 Explain the will of heaven which yet I know not ;
 Why am I chosen to be its instrument
 Of vengeance ? are the prophet's dread commands
 Irrevocable ?

PAL-

PALMIRA.

Seid, we must yield in silence,
Nor dare to question his decrees ; he hears
Our secret sighs, nor are our sorrows hid
From Mahomet's all-seeing eye : to doubt
Is profanation of the deity.
His God is good alone ; he could not else
Be thus victorious, thus invincible.

SEID.

He must be Seid's God who is Palmira's :
Yet cannot my astonish'd soul conceive
A being, tender, merciful, and kind,
Commanding murder ; then again I think
To doubt is guilt : the priest without remorse
Destroys the victim : by the voice of heaven
I know that Zopir was condemn'd, I know
That Seid was predestin'd to support
The law divine : so Mahomet ordain'd,
And I obey him ; fir'd with holy zeal
I go to slay the enemy of God ;
And yet methinks another deity
Draws back my arm, and bids me spare the victim :
Religion lost her power when I beheld
The wretched Zopir ; duty urg'd in vain
Her cruel plea, exhorting me to murder ;
With joy I listen'd to the plaintive voice
Of soft humanity : but Mahomet—

How awful ! how majestic ! who can bear
His wrath ? his frowns reproach'd my shameful
weakness ;

Religion is a dreadful power : alas !
Palmira, I am lost in doubts and fears,
Discordant passions tear this feeble heart :
I must be impious, must desert my faith,
Or be a murderer : Seid was not form'd
For an assassin ; but 'tis heaven's command,
And I have promised to avenge its cause :
The tears of grief and rage united flow,
Contending duties raise a storm within,
And thou alone, Palmira, must appease it ;
Fix my uncertain heart, and give it peace :
Alas without this dreadful sacrifice,
The tie that binds us is for ever broke ;
This only can secure thee.

PALMIRA.

Am I then
The price of blood, of Zopir's blood ?

SEID.

So heaven
And Mahomet decree.

PALMIRA.

Love ne'er was meant
To make us cruel, barbarous, and inhuman.

SEID.

SEID.

To Zopir's murderer, and to him alone,
Palmira must be given.

PALMIRA.

O, hard condition!

SEID.

But 'tis the will of Mahomet and heaven.

PALMIRA.

Alas!

SEID.

Thou know'st the dreadful curse that waits
On disobedience, everlasting pain.

PALMIRA.

If thou must be the instrument of vengeance,
If at thy hands the blood which thou hast promised
Shall be requir'd—

SEID.

What's to be done?

PALMIRA.

I tremble

To think on't—yet—

SEID.

SEID.

It must be so then : thou
Hast fixed his doom ; Palmira has consented.

PALMIRA.

Did I consent ?

SEID.

Thou didst.

PALMIRA.

Detested thought !

What have I said ?

SEID.

By thee the voice of heaven
Speaks its last dread command, and I obey :
Yon fatal altar is the chosen seat
Of Zopir's worship, there he bends the knee
To his false gods ; retire, my sweet Palmira.

PALMIRA.

I can not leave thee.

SEID.

'Thou must not be witness
To such a deed of horror : these, Palmira,
Are dreadful moments : fly to yonder grove,
Thou wilt be near the prophet there : away.

PAL-

PALMIRA.

Zopir must died then ?

SEID.

Yes: this fated hand
Must drag him to the earth, there murder him,
And bathe yon ruin'd altar in his blood.

PALMIRA.

Die by thy hand ! I shudder at the thought :
But see ! he comes ; just heaven !

[The farther part of the stage opens, and
discovers an altar.]

ZOPIR, SEID, PALMIRA, on one side.

ZOPIR, standing near the altar.

Ye guardian gods
Of Mecca, threaten'd by an impious sect
Of vile impostors, now assert your power,
And let your Zopir's prayers, perhaps the last
He e'er shall make, be heard ! the feeble bonds
Of our short peace are broken, and fierce war
Vindictive rages ; O ! if ye support
The cause of this usurper—

SEID. [Aside to Palmira.

Hear, Palmira,

How he blasphemes !

ZOPIR.

ZOPIR.

May death be Zopir's lot !

I wish for nought on earth but to behold,
 In my last hour, and to embrace my children,
 To die in their lov'd arms : if yet they live,
 If they are here, for something whispers me
 That I shall see them still :

PALMIRA. [Aside to Seid.

His children, said he ?

ZOPIR.

O, I should die with pleasure at the sight !
 Watch over and protect them, ye kind gods,
 O, let them think like me, but not like me.
 Be wretched !

SEID.

See ! he prays to his false gods :
 This is the time to end him.

[Draws his sword.

PALMIRA.

Do not, Seid !

SEID.

To serve my God, to please and merit thee,
 This sword, devoted to the cause of heaven,
 Is drawn, and shall destroy is deadliest foe :

Yon

Yon dreary walk invites me to the deed,
Methinks the path is bloody, wandering ghosts
Glide through the shade, and beckon me away.

PALMIRA.

What say'st thou Seid ?

SEID.

Ministers of death,
I follow you ; conduct me to the altar,
And guide my trembling hand !

PALMIRA.

It must not be :

'Tis horrible : O stop, my Seid.

SEID.

No :

The hour is come, and see ! the altar shakes.

PALMIRA.

'Tis heaven's assent, and we must doubt no more.

SEID.

Means it to urge me on, or to restrain ?
Our prophet will reproach me for this weakness :
Palmira !

PALMIRA.

Well !

SEID.

SEID.

Address thyself to heaven;
I go to do the deed.
[He goes behind the altar where Zopir is retired.

PALMIRA alone.

O dreadful moment !
What do I feel within ! my blood runs cold :
And yet if heaven demands the sacrifice,
Am I to judge, to ask, or to complain ?
Where is the heart that knows itself, that knows
Its innocence or guilt ? We must obey :
But hark ! methought I heard the plaintive voice
Of death ; the deed is done—alas ! my Seid !

SEID. [Returns looking wildly.

What voice was that ? where am I ? where's Pal-
mira ?
I cannot see Palmira ; O she's gone,
She's lost for ever.

PALMIRA.

Art thou blind to her
Who only lives for thee ?

SEID.

Where are we ?

PALMIRA.

Speak,

My

My Seid, is the dreadful sacrifice
Perform'd, and thy sad promise all fulfill'd ?

SEID.

Whast say'st thou ?

PALMIRA.

Zopir ? is he dead ?

SEID.

Who ? Zopir ?

PALMIRA.

Good heaven, preserve his senses !—come, my Seid,
Let us be gone.

SEID.

How will those tottering limbs
Support me ! —I recover—is it you,
Palmira ?

PALMIRA.

Yes : what hast thou done ?

SEID

Obey'd

The voice of heaven, seiz'd with this desperate hand
His silver hairs, and dragg'd him to the earth :
'Twas thy command : O God ! thou could'st not
bid me

Commit a crime ! trembling and pale awhile
I stood aghast, then drew this sacred sword,
And plung'd it in his bosom : what a look

Of

Of tenderness and love the poor old man
 Cast on his murderer ! a scene so mournful
 Ne'er did these eyes behold : my heart retains
 And will for ever keep the sad idea :
 Would I were dead like him !

PALMIRA.

Let us repair
 To Mahomet, the prophet will protect us ;
 Here you're in danger ; follow me.

SEID.

I cannot :
 Palmira, pity me.

PALMIRA.

What mournful thought
 Can thus depress thee ?

SEID.

O if thou hadst seen
 His tender looks, when from his bleeding side
 He drew the fatal weapon forth, and cried,
 Dear Seid, poor unhappy Seid ! Oh
 That voice, those looks, and Zopir at my feet
 Weltering in blood are still before my eyes :
 What have we done ?

PALMIRA.

I tremble for thy life :

O !

O! in the name of all the sacred ties
That bind us, fly, and save thyself.

SEID.

Away,

And leave me: why did thy ill-fated love
Command this dreadful sacrifice, Palmira?
Without thy cruel order heaven itself
Had never been obey'd.

PALMIRA.

Unkind reproach!

Couldst thou but know what Palmira suffers
How woudst thou pity her!

SEID.

What dreadful object

Is that before us?

[Zopir rises up slowly from behind the altar, and
leans upon it.

PALMIRA.

'Tis the murder'd Zopir;
Bloody and pale he drags his mangled limbs
Towards us

SEID.

Wilt thou go to him?

PALMIRA.

I must;

For

For pity and remorse distract my soul,
And draw me to him.

Z O P I R. [Comes forward leaning on Palmira,

Gentle maid, support me !

[He sits down.

Ungrateful Seid, thou hast slain me ; now
Thou weep'st ; alas ! too late.

SCENE V.

Z O P I R, S E I D, P A L M I R A, P H A N O R.

P H A N O R.

O dreadful fight !

What's here ?

Z O P I R.

I wish I could have seen my friend
Hercides — Phanor, art thou there ? — behold
My murderer.

[Points to Seid.

P H A N O R.

O guilt ! accursed deed !

[Unhappy Seid, look upon — thy father.

S E I D.

Who ?

P A L M I R A.

He ?

S E I D.

SEID.

My father ?

ZOPIR.

Gracious heaven !

PHANOR.

Hercides

In his last moments took me in his arms,
And weeping cried, if there be time, O haste !
Prevent a parricide, and stop the arm
Of Seid ; in my breast the tyrant lodg'd
The dreadful secret ; now I suffer for it,
And die by Mahomet's detested hand :
Haste, Phanor, fly, inform the hapless Zopir,
That Seid and Palmira are—his children.

SEID.

Palmira !

PALMIRA.

Thou my brother ?

ZOPIR.

O ye gods !

O nature, thou hast not deceiv'd me then,
When thou didst plead for them ! unhappy Seid,
What could have urg'd thee to so foul a deed ?

SEID.

[Kneeling.

My gratitude, my duty, my religion,
All that mankind hold sacred urg'd me on

I

To

To do the worst of actions :—give me back
That fatal weapon.

P A L M I R A. [Laying hold of Seid's arm,

Plunge it in my breast;
I was the cause of my dear father's murder ;
And incest is the price of parricide.

S E I D.

Strike both : heaven hath not punishment enough
For crimes like ours.

Z O P I R. [embracing them,

Let me embrace my children :
The gods have pour'd into my cup of sorrow
A draught of sweetest happiness : I die
Contented, and resign me to my fate :
But you must live, my children ; you, my Seid,
And you, Palmira, by the sacred name
Of nature, by thy dying father's blood,
Fast flowing from the wound which thou hast made,
Let me intreat you, live ; revenge yourselves,
Revenge the injur'd Zopir, but preserve
Your precious lives ; the great, the important hour
Approaches, that must change the mournful scene:
Th'offended people, ere to-morrow's dawn,
Will rise in arms and punish the usurper ;
My blood will add fresh fuel to their rage ;
Let us await the issue

S E I D.

SEID.

O, I fly

To sacrifice the monster, to take vengeance
For a dear father's life, or lose my own.

SCENE VI.

ZOPIR, SEID, PALMIRA, OMAR, Attendants.

OMAR.

Guards, seize the murderer; Mahomet is come
To punish guilt, and execute the laws.

ZOPIR.

What do I hear?

SEID.

Did Mahomet command thee
To punish Seid?

PALMIRA.

Execrable tyrant!

Was not the murder done by thy command?

OMAR.

'Twas not commanded.

SEID.

Well have I deserv'd
This just reward of my credulity.

OMAR.

Soldiers, obey.

VOL. VI.

F

PAL-

PALMIRA.

O stop, ye shall not——

OMAR.

Madam,

If Seid's life is dear to you, submit
 With patience, lest the prophet's anger fall
 Like thunder on your head ; if you obey,
 Great Mahomet is able to protect you :
 Guards lead her to the king.

PALMIRA.

O take me, death,
 From this sad scene of never-ending woe !

[Seid and Palmira are carried off.

ZOPIR.

[To Phanor.

They're gone, they're lost : O most unhappy father,
 The wound which Seid gave is not so deep,
 So painful as this parting.

PHANOR.

See, my lord,
 The day appears, and the arm'd multitudes
 Press onward to defend the cause of Zopir.

ZOPIR.

Support me, Phanor : yet thy friend may live
 To punish this vile hypocrite ; at least
 In death may serve my dear—my cruel—children.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

MAHOMET, OMAR, Guards at a distance.

OMAR.

ZOPIR's approaching death alarms the people ;
We have endeavour'd to appease their clamours,

And disavow'd all knowledge of the deed ;
To some we call'd it the avenging hand
Of heaven that favours thus its prophet's cause :
With others we lament his fall, and boast
Thy awful justice that will soon avenge it.
The croud attentive listen to thy praise,
And all the danger of the storm is over ;
If ought remains of busy faction's rage
It is but as the tossing of the waves
After the tempest, when the vault of heaven
Is placid and serene.

MAHOMET.

Be it our care
To keep it so : where are my valiant bands ?

OMAR.

All ready ; Osman in the dead of night
By secret paths conducted them to Mecca.

MAHOMET.

'Tis strange that men must either be deceiv'd
Or forc'd into obedience : Seid knows not
It is a father's blood that he must shed ?

OMAR.

Who could inform him of it ? he alone
Who knew the secret is no more ; Hercides
Is gone, and Seid soon shall follow him ;
For know, he has already drank the poison ;
His crime was punish'd ere it was committed :
Even while he dragg'd his father to the altar
Death lurk'd within his veins ; he cannot live :
Palmira too is safe ; she may be useful :
I've given her hopes of Seid's pardon, that
May win her to our cause ; she dare not murmur,
Besides her heart is flexible and soft,
Form'd to obey, to worship Mahomet,
And make him soon the happiest of mankind :
Trembling and pale behold they bring her to thee.

MAHOMET.

Collect my forces, Omar, and return.

S C E N E II.

MAHOMET, PALMIRA, Guards.

PALMIRA.

O heaven ! where am I ? gracious God !

MAHO-

MAHOMET.

Palmira,

Be not alarm'd ; already I have fix'd
Thy fate and Mecca's : know the great event
That fills thy soul with horror is a mystery
'Twixt heaven and me that's not to be reveal'd :
But thou art free, and happy : think no more
Of Seid, nor lament him ; leave to me
The fate of men, be thankful for thy own :
Thou knowst that Mahomet hath lov'd thee long,
That I have ever been a father to thee ;
Perhaps a nobler fate, and fairer title
May grace thee still, if thou deserv'st it ; therefore
Blot from thy memory the name of Seid,
And let thy soul aspire to greater blessings
Than it could dare to hope for ; let thy heart
Be my last, noblest victory, and join
The conquer'd world to own me for its master.

PALMIRA.

What joys, what blessings, or what happiness
Can I expect from thee, thou vile impostor ?
Thou bloody savage ! This alone was wanting,
This cruel insult to complete my woes :
Eternal father, look upon this king,
This holy prophet, this all-powerful God
Whom I ador'd : thou monster, to betray
Two guiltless hearts into the crying sin

Of parricide ; thou infamous seducer
Of my unguarded youth, how dar'st thou think,
Stain'd as thou art with my dear father's blood,
To gain Palmira's heart ? but know, proud tyrant,
Thou art not yet invincible : the veil
Is off that hid thee, and the hand of vengeance
Upris'd to scourge thy guilt : dost thou not hear
The maddening multitude already arm'd
In the defence of injur'd innocence ?
From death's dark shades my murder'd father comes
To lead them on : O that these feeble hands
Could tear thee piece-meal, thee and all thy train !
Would I could see them weltering in their blood ;
See Mecca, and Medina, Asia, all
Combin'd against thee ! that the credulous world
Would shake off thy vile chains, and thy religion
Become the jest and scorn of all mankind
To after ages ! may that hell, whose threats
Thou hast so oft denounc'd 'gainst all who dar'd
To doubt thy false divinity, now open
Her fiery gates, and be thy just reward !
These are the thanks I owe thee for thy bounties,
And these the prayers I make for Mahomet.

M A H O M E T.

I see I am betray'd ; but be it so :
Whoe'er thou art, learn henceforth to obey ;
For know, my heart —

SCENE

S C E N E III.

MAHOMET, PALMIRA, OMAR, ALI, Attendants.

O M A R.

The secret is reveal'd;
Hercides told it in his dying moments :
The people all enrag'd have forced the prison :
They're up in arms, and bearing on their shoulders
The bloody corpse of their unhappy chief,
Lament his fate, and cry aloud for vengeance :
All is confusion : Seid at their head
Excites them to rebellion, and cries out,
" I am a parricide !" with rage and grief
He seems distracted ; with one voice the crowd
Unite to curse the prophet and his God :
Ev'n those who promis'd to admit our forces
Within the walls of Mecca, have conspir'd
With them to raise their desperate arms against thee ;
And nought is heard but cries of death and ven-
geance.

P A L M I R A.

Just heaven pursue him, and defend the cause
Of innocence !

M A H O M E T.

[To Omar.

Well, what have we to fear ?

F 4

O M A R.

OMAR.

Omar, my lord, with your few faithful friends,
 Despising danger, are prepar'd to brave
 The furious storm, and perish at your feet.

MAHOMET.

Alone I will defend you all ; come near ;
 Behold, and say I act like Mahomet.

S C E N E IV.

MAMOMET, OMAR, and his party on one side,
 SEID, and the people on the other ; PALMIRA,
 in the middle.

SEID.

Revenge my father, seize the traitor.

MAHOMET.

People,

Born to obey me, listen to your master..

SEID.

Hear not the monster ; follow me :

[He comes forward a little, and then staggers.

O heaven !

What sudden darkness spreads o'er my dim eyes ?
 Now strike my friends.—O I am dying.

MAHOMET.

Ha !

Then all is well.

PAL-

P A L M I R A.

My brother, can'st thou shed
No blood but Zopir's?

S E I D.

Yes : come on—I cannot ;
Some God unnerves me. [He faints.

M A H O M E T.

Hence let every foe
Of Mahomet be taught to fear and tremble :
Know, ye proud infidels, this hand alone
Hath power to crush you all, to me the God
Of nature delegates his sovereign power :
Acknowledge then his prophet, and his laws,
'Twixt Mahomet and Seid let that God
Decide the contest, which of us foe'er
Is guilty, now, this moment let him perish !

P A L M I R A.

My brother — Seid — can this monster boast
Such power ? the people stand astonish'd at him,
And tremble at his voice ; and wilt thou yield,
To Mahomet ?

S E I D. [Supported by his attendants.

Alas ! the hand of heaven
Is on me, and the involuntary crime
Is too severely punish'd : O Palmira

In vain was Seid virtuous : O if heaven
 Chastises thus our errors, what must crimes
 Like thine expect, detested Mahomet ?
 What cause hast thou to tremble — O I die ;
 Receive me, gracious heaven, and spare Palmira.

[Dies.

P A L M I R A.

'Tis not, ye people, 'tis not angry heaven
 Pursues my Seid : No ; he is poison'd —

M A H O M E T. [Interrupting her, and
 addressing himself to the people.

Learn

From Seid's fate, ye unbelievers, how
 To reverence Mahomet, whom heaven defends ;
 Nature and death, ye see, have heard my voice,
 And this pale corpse hath witness'd their obedience ;
 The sword of fate hangs o'er your heads, beware
 It fall not on you : thus will I reward
 All impious rebels, all vile infidels,
 And punish every word and thought against me.
 If I with-hold my rage, and let you live,
 Remember, traitors, that you owe your beings
 To my indulgence ; hasten to the temple,
 Prostrate yourselves before the throne of grace,
 And deprecate the wrath of Mahomet.

[The people retire.

P A L-

P A L M I R A.

O stay, and hear me, people — the barbarian
 Poison'd my brother — monster, rais'd by crimes:
 To empire thus, and deified by guilt,
 Thou murderer of Palmira's hapless race,
 Complete thy work, and take my wretched life:
 O my dear brother, let me follow thee!

[She seizes her brother's sword and stabs herself..

M A H O M E T.

Seize and prevent her —

P A L M I R A.

'Tis too late ; I die:

And dying hope a God more just than thine:
 Has yet in store a state of happiness
 For injur'd innocence : let Mahomet
 Reign here in peace : this world was made for ty-
 rants. [Dies..

M A H O M E T.

She's gone ; she's lost ; the only dear reward
 I wish'd to keep of all my crimes : in vain
 I fought, and conquer'd ; Mahomet is wretched:
 Without Palmira : Conscience, now I feel thee,
 And feel that thou canst rive the guilty heart.
 O thou eternal God, whom I have made
 The instrument of ill, whom I have wrong'd,
 Brav'd, and blasphem'd ; O thou whom yet I fear !!

Behold me self-condemn'd, behold me wretched,
Ev'n while the world adores me : vain was all
My boasted power : I have deceiv'd mankind ;
But how shall I impose on my own heart ?
A murder'd father, and two guiltless children
Must be reveng'd : come ye unhappy victims,
And end me quickly ! — Omar, we must strive
To hide this shameful weakness, save my glory,
And let me reign o'er a deluded world :
For Mahomet depends on fraud alone,
And to be worshipp'd never must be known.

END of the FIFTH and last ACT.



S O C R A T E S.

A

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

BY

The late Mr. THOMSON.

A NEW EDITION.

Enlarged and Corrected from the Author's own
Manuscript.



AS BY THE ACT OF

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED

AND SEVENTY TWO

AND IN THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF

GEORGE THE THIRD

AN ACT

TO AMEND THE

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES

IN THE

THEATRE

AND

TO PREVENT THE

REPRODUCTION

OF

THE

ACT

OF

THE

THEATRE

AND

TO

PREVENT

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REPRODUCTION

OF

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ACT

OF

THE

THEATRE

* P R E F A C E.

BY

Mr. F A T I M A.

IT has been said by one author, and repeated by another, that the simple representation of a merely virtuous man, without passion or intrigue, cannot possibly meet with applause on the stage; which I look upon as an injurious reflection on human nature, and the falshood of it sufficiently proved by this performance, written by the late Mr. *Thomson*. The famous Mr. *Addison* was a long time in doubt, whether he should make *Socrates* or *Cato* the subject

* What reasons Mr. *Voltaire* might have for not acknowledging himself the author of *Socrates* on the first publication we cannot determine: those among our readers however, who have any acquaintance with the English stage, will easily perceive, that the whole story in the Preface about *Addison*, *Thomson*, and lord *Lyttelton*, is nothing but pure fiction, designed to conceal the real author of this motley performance.

of

of his tragedy: he thought *Cato* a virtuous man, and as such a proper object of imitation; but that *Socrates* was much superior to him: the virtue of the latter, he observed, had more softness and humanity in it, and was withal more resigned to the will of God than that of the former: the *Grecian*, he used to say, did not, like the *Roman*, imagine that he was at liberty to destroy himself, or to quit the post which God had allotted to him: *Addison*, in short, considered *Cato* as the victim of liberty, and *Socrates* as the martyr of wisdom. Sir *Richard Steele* however persuaded him, that *Cato* was a subject better adapted to the theatre than the other, and at the same time likely to prove more agreeable to the nation, while it was in a political ferment. To say the truth, the Death of *Socrates* would perhaps have made very little impression in a country where no man is ever persecuted on account his religion; where a general toleration has so prodigiously enriched and peopled the community; as it has also in Holland, my dear native country. Sir *Richard Steele* says expressly in his *Tatler*, that the subject of a dramatic piece should always be the reigning vice or foible of the nation where it is represented. The success which *Addison* met with in his *Cato*, encouraged him to sketch out the Death of *Socrates*, in three acts. The place of secretary of state which he had some time after, prevented his

finishing

finishing this work; he gave the manuscript to his pupil, Mr. *Thomson*, who was afraid to hazard on the stage a subject so extremely grave, and at the same time void of all those fashionable embellishments which had then taken possession of the *English* theatre.

He began therefore with some other tragedies, *Sepphoris*, **Coriolanus*, *Tancred*, &c. and finished with the *Death of Socrates*, which he wrote in prose, scene by scene, and showed to his illustrious friends, Mr. *Doddington* and Mr. *Lyttelton*, persons deservedly ranked among the first geniusses in *England*: these two gentlemen, whom he always consulted, advised him to follow the example of *Shakespeare*; to introduce the whole body of the people into his tragedy; to paint *Xantippe*, the wife of *Socrates*, just as she really was, a peevish, cross-grain'd city-madam, scolding her husband, and yet fond of him; to bring all the areopagus on the stage; and, in a word, to make the whole piece a simple representation of human life; one of those pictures that exhibit a view of every state and condition. This is an undertaking attended with some difficulty; and

* Mr. *Voltaire* either forgot or did not know that *Coriolanus* was Mr. *Thomson's* last tragedy, and was acted after his death for the benefit of his relations.

though

though the sublime continued throughout is a species of writing infinitely superior to it, this mixture of the pathetic and familiar has notwithstanding its degree of merit. One may compare them to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssy*. Mr. *Lyttelton* would not suffer the piece to be played, because the character of *Melitus* too closely resembled that of serjeant *Catbrée*, to whom he was related; besides, that the whole was rather a sketch than a finished performance.

He made me a present of this drama when he came last to *Holland*. I translated it immediately into *Dutch*, my mother tongue. I did not however think proper to bring it on the stage at *Amsterdam*, though, thank God, among all our pendants, we have never a one there so hateful or so impertinent as serjeant *Catbrée*. The great number of actors which this play requires, deterred me from any thoughts of exhibiting it. I translated it afterwards into *French*, and shall let this translation pass, till I have an opportunity of publishing the original.

Amsterdam, 1755.

Since this the *Death of Socrates* has been represented at *London*, but that was not the play written by Mr. *Thomson*.

N. B.

N. B. There have been some people ridiculous enough to endeavour to refute the palpable truths advanced in this preface; pretending that Mr. *Fa-tima* could not have wrote in 1755, because he died in 1764: if it was really so, what a foolish reason! but the fact is, he died in 1757.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOCRATES.

ANITUS, High Priest of Ceres.

MELITUS, one of the Judges of Athens.

XANTIPPE, Wife of Socrates.

AGLAE, a young Athenian Lady, brought up by
Socrates.

SOPHRONIMUS, a young Athenian Gentleman,
brought up by Socrates.

DRIXA,
TERPANDER, } Friends of Anitus.
ACROS,

Judges, Disciples of Socrates, and three Pedants,
protected by Anitus.

SOCRATES.

S O C R A T E S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

ANITUS, DRIXA, TERPANDER, ACROS.

ANITUS.

MY dear confidante, and you my trusty friends, you well know how much money I have put into your pockets this last feast of Ceres : I am now going to be married, and I hope you will all do your respective duties on this great occasion.

DRIXA.

That, my lord, we most certainly shall, provided you give us an opportunity of getting a little more by it.

ANITUS.

I shall want of you, madam Drixia, two fine Persian carpets ; from you, Terpander, I must have two large silver candlesticks ; and from you half a dozen robes.

TER-

TERPANDER.

A considerable demand, my lord ; but there is nothing which we would not do to merit your holy protection.

ANITUS.

O you will be rewarded for it an hundred fold : it is the best means to gain the favour of the gods : give much, and much you shall receive ; but above all fail not, I beseech you, to stir up the people against all the rich and great, who are deficient in paying their vows, and presenting their offerings.

ACROS.

On that, my lord, you may depend ; it is a duty too sacred ever to be neglected by us.

ANITUS.

'Tis well, my friends ; may heaven continue to inspire you with the same just and pious sentiments, and be assured you will prosper ; you, your children, and your children's children, to all posterity.

TERPANDER.

You have said it, my lord, and therefore it must be so.

SCENE.

S C E N E II.

ANITUS, DRIXA.

ANITUS.

Well, my dear Drixia, I believe you will have no objection to my marrying Aglae; I shall not love you the less, and we may still live together as we used to do.

DRIXA.

O, my lord, I am not jealous; as long as trade goes on well, I am contented. While I had the honour of being one of your mistresses, I was a woman of some consequence in Athens: but if you are in love with Aglae, I, in my turn, am as fond of young Sophronimus: and Xantippe, Socrates' wife, has promised that he shall marry me. I shall be always, notwithstanding, as much at your service as ever, I am only vexed that this young fellow has been brought up with that rascal Socrates, and that Aglae is still in his hands. We must take them both out as fast as we can. Xantippe will be glad to get rid of them. The beautiful Sophronimus and the fair Aglae have a sad time of it with the surly Socrates.

ANITUS.

I am in great hopes, my dear, that Melitus and I together shall soon be able to destroy this dangerous fellow,

fellow, who preaches nothing but virtue and divinity, and has taken the liberty to laugh at some certain adventures that happened at the mysteries of Ceres : but he is Aglae's tutor : her father Agathon, they tell me, has left her a great fortune : in short, Aglae is a charming girl ; I love her, and I will marry her ; and as to Socrates, I shall take care of him.

D R I X A.

Do what you please with Socrates, so I can but get my dear Sophronimus : but how could that fool Agathon leave his daughter in the hands of this old flat-nos'd Socrates, that intolerable reasoner, who corrupts all our young men, and keeps them away from courtezans and the mysteries.

A N I T U S.

Agathon himself was tainted with the same vile principles : he was one of your sober, serious fools, whose manners differed in every respect from ours ; a man, in short, of another age, one of our sworn and inveterate enemies, who think they have fulfilled every duty when they worship God, assist man, cultivate friendships, and study philosophy ; one of those ridiculous creatures who insolently deny that the gods prognosticate future events by the liver of an ox ; those merciless reasoners, who find fault with priests for sacrificing young girls,

or passing a night with them on occasion. These you see, Drixa, are a kind of people not fit to live. As to Socrates, I should have been glad to have had him strangled long ago. However, I have agreed to meet him here in the portico, and talk with him about the marriage.

D R I X A.

Here he comes : you do him too much honour : but I must leave you, and talk to Xantippe about my young man.

A N I T U S.

The gods conduct you, my dear Drixa ; remember to serve them, and forget not my two fine Persian carpets.

S C E N E III.

A N I T U S, S O C R A T E S.

A N I T U S.

Good morrow, my dear Socrates, thou favourite of the gods, and wisest of men ; methinks every time I see you I am raised above myself ; in you I look up with admiration to the dignity of human nature.

S O C R A T E S.

O, my lord ! I am a plain, simple man, as void of knowledge, and as full of weakness, as any of
 VOL. VI. G my,

my fellow-creatures: it is enough for me if you can bear with me.

ANITUS.

Bear with? I admire you, and would it were possible I could resemble you! To convince you of it, and that I may oftener be a witness to your virtues, and improve by your instructions, I am willing to espouse your fair pupil Aglae, whom I find you have the entire disposal of.

SOCRATES.

It is true indeed that her father Agathon, who was my friend, the dearest of all relations, bequeathed to my care, by his last will, this amiable and virtuous orphan.

ANITUS.

With a considerable fortune no doubt, for I hear she is one of the best matches in all Athens.

SOCRATES.

With regard to that I can give you no information; her father, my dearest friend, whose will is ever sacred to me, forbade me to divulge the situation of her affairs in that point.

ANITUS.

This respect and discreet veneration for the last will of your friend are worthy of your noble soul;

soul; but it is well enough known that Agathon was rich.

S O C R A T E S.

He deserved to be so, if riches are a mark of the divine favour.

A N I T U S.

They tell me a young coxcomb, named Sophronimus, makes love to her on account of her fortune; but I am persuaded you will not give encouragement to such a fellow, and that Anitus will have no rival.

S O C R A T E S.

I know in what light I ought to consider a person like you; but it is not for me to thwart the inclinations of Aglae. I would supply the place of a father to her, but I am not her master: she has a right to dispose of her own heart: I look upon restraint in this case as a crime. Talk to her: if she hearkens to your proposal, with all my heart, I have no objection.

A N I T U S.

I have your wife's consent already; without doubt she is acquainted with Aglae's sentiments, and therefore I look upon the affair as good as concluded.

SOCRATES.

But I never look upon things as done till they are really so.

S C E N E IV.

SOCRATES, ANITUS, AGLAE.

SOCRATES.

Come hither, Aglae, and determine for yourself. Here is a person of considerable rank, who offers himself to you for a husband : you are at liberty to explain yourself to him : my presence might perhaps be a restraint upon you : whatever choice you make, I shall approve : Xantippe will prepare every thing for your nuptials. [Exit.

AGLAE.

Generous Socrates ! I am sorry you leave me.

ANITUS.

You seem, charming Aglae, to place great confidence in the good Socrates.

AGLAE.

It is my duty, Sir ; he has been a father to me ; he has educated and instructed me.

ANITUS:

ANITUS.

And pray, my dear, as he has instructed you, tell me what is your opinion of Ceres, Cybele, and Venus?

AGLAE.

Of them, sir, I will think just as you please.

ANITUS.

It is well said; and you will do as I please too then I hope.

AGLAE.

No, sir, that is quite another affair.

ANITUS.

You see, the wise Socrates consents to our marriage, and Xantippe above all things wishes for it. You know my passion for you, and are no stranger to my rank and fortune; my happiness, perhaps your own too, depends on one word, therefore determine.

AGLAE.

I will answer you, sir, with that truth and sincerity which the great man who just now left us taught me never to depart from: I respect your dignity, know but little of your person, and, in a word, can never be yours.

G 3

ANITUS.

ANITUS.

Never? cruel Aglae, are you not free? you will not then?

AGLAE.

No, Sir, I cannot.

ANITUS.

What an affront, what an indignity is this! but it is to Socrates I am obliged for it: he dictated your answer, I know he did; he prefers Sophronimus to me, that unworthy rival, that impious—

AGLAE.

Sophronimus is not impious, nor unworthy; Socrates has loved him from his infancy; he has been a father to us both. Sophronimus is all beauty and all virtue; I love, and am beloved by him; it is in my power to marry him if I think proper; but I shall no more be his than yours.

ANITUS.

You astonish me: what! own you love Sophronimus?

AGLAE.

Yes, sir, I own it, because it is true.

ANITUS.

And yet when it is in your power to make yourself happy with him, refuse him your hand?

I

AGLAE.

AGLAE.

That, sir, is no less true.

ANITUS.

Then I suppose your fear of displeasing me prevents your engaging with him?

AGLAE.

No such thing, I assure you: for having never wished to please, I have no fear of displeasing you.

ANITUS.

You dread then perhaps the displeasure of the gods, at seeing you prefer a profane wretch, like Sophronimus, to a high-priest.

AGLAE.

Not in the least. I am persuaded it is a matter of very little concern to the supreme Being, whether I marry you, or not.

ANITUS.

The supreme Being! my dear child, you should not talk in this manner; you should say the gods and goddesses: take care, for I see you entertain some very dangerous opinions; but I know too well from whom they came. Learn then that Ceres, whose priest I am, may punish you for thus despising her worship, and her minister.

G 4

AGLAE.

AGLAE.

I despise neither the one nor the other. I have been told that Ceres presides over the harvest, and I believe it; but she has nothing to do with my marriage.

ANITUS.

She has to do with every thing; you know it: but I hope I shall be able to convert you. Are you indeed resolved not to marry Sophronimus?

AGLAE.

Yes; I am resolved, and am very sorry for it.

ANITUS.

I cannot understand a word of all these contradictions: but observe me; I love you, would have made you happy, and advanced you to rank and dignity: be advised, and reject not the offers which kind fortune thus courts you to accept: remember, that every thing should be sacrificed to our real interest; that youth will pass away, but riches remain: that wealth and honours should be your first concern, and that I speak to you on the part of the gods. I beg you will reflect seriously on what I have said: farewell; my dear girl, I shall pray to Ceres that she would inspire you, and still flatter myself she will touch your heart. Once more adieu; remember, you have promised me never to marry Sophronimus.

AGLAE.

AGLAE.

I promised myself, but not you.

[Exit Anitus.

AGLAE, alone.

This man but makes me more unhappy. I know not why it is, but I never see him without shuddering: but here comes Sophronimus: alas! while his rival fills my heart with terror, he increases my tenderness and doubles my disquietude.

S C E N E V.

AGLAE, SOPHRONIMUS.

SOPHRONIMUS.

My dear Aglae, I met Anitus, the priest of Ceres, that worst of men, the sworn enemy of Socrates, just coming from you: your eyes seem bathed in tears.

AGLAE.

Is he the enemy of our benefactor too? then indeed I wonder not at my aversion to him, even before he spoke.

SOPHRONIMUS.

And is he the cause of your tears, my Aglae?

AGLAE.

No, Sophronimus; he can inspire nothing but hatred and disgust: my tears can flow for you alone.

G. 5

S. Q.

SOPHRONIMUS.

For me? O gods, for me, who would repay them with my blood; for me who adore you, who hope to be beloved by Aglae, who only live for, and would die for you? shall I reproach myself with having embittered one moment of your life? Aglae weeps, and Sophronimus is the cause. What have I done? what crime have I committed?

AGLAE.

None, my Sophronimus: you could not do it: it is not in your nature. I wept because you merit all my tenderness, because you have it, and because I must renounce you.

SOPHRONIMUS.

What dreadful sentence have you pronounced against me? I cannot believe you: you love me, you said you did, and Aglae can never change. You have promised to be mine, you cannot wish my death.

AGLAE.

No; I would have you live and be happy; but, alas! I cannot make you so: I hoped I could, but fortune has deceived me. I swear to you, Sophronimus, since I cannot be yours, I never will be another's. I have declared so to Anitus, who courts me, and whom I despise; and here I declare the same to you, with a heart full of grief, tenderness, and love.

S O-

SOPHRONIMUS.

Since you love me, I must live; but if you refuse me your hand, it will be death to Sophronimus; therefore, my dearest Aglae, in the name of love, of all your charms, and all your virtues, explain to me this dreadful mystery.

S C E N E VI.

SOCRATES, SOPHRONIMUS, AGLAE.

SOPHRONIMUS.

O, my honoured master, my father, and my friend! behold in Sophronimus the most unfortunate of men, though in the presence of the only two beings upon earth who could make me happy: Socrates first taught me wisdom, and from Aglae I learned to love; you consented to our marriage, and this beauteous fair one, whom seemed so desirous of it, now refuses me; and while she says she loves, plunges a dagger in my heart: she has broke off the match without assigning any cause of her cruel caprice: O, Socrates, prevent my misery, or teach me, if possible, how to bear it.

SOCRATES.

Aglae is mistress of herself; her father made me her tutor, but not her tyrant; to see you united would have made me happy: if she has changed her mind,

I am surprised and sorry for it: but let us hear her reasons; if they are good, we must submit to them.

SOPHRONIMUS.

It is impossible they should.

AGLAE.

To me however they appear so, but you shall hear them. When you first opened my father's will, most noble Socrates, you told me he had left me a sufficient competency; from that moment I resolved to bestow my fortune on the good Sophronimus, who has no support but you, no riches but his virtue: you applauded my resolution. How great was my happiness, in promoting his, whom you have so long regarded as your own son! full of this pleasing hope I laid open the situation of my heart to Xantippe, who at once undeceived me. She treated me as an idle visionary; showed me the will of my father, who died a beggar, and left me nothing but your friendship to depend on. Awakened from my dream of promised happiness, nothing remained for me but the melancholy reflection, that it was no longer in my power to make the fortune of Sophronimus: I would not oppress him with the weight of my misfortunes.

SOPHROMIMUS.

I told you, Socrates, her reasons were poor and insufficient; if she loves me, am I not rich enough?

Hitherto, it is true, I have subsisted from your bounty ; but there is no employment, however irksome, which I would not undertake, to provide for my dearest Aglaë : I ought indeed to make her a sacrifice of my passion, to find out some richer, happier lover for her : but I own my weakness, I cannot do it, there I am indeed unworthy of her ; but if she could content herself with my low estate, if she could stoop to my humble condition : but I dare not hope so much ; I sink beneath a misfortune which her fortitude is able to bear.

S O C R A T E S.

My dear children, it was very indiscreet in Xantippe to show you the will ; but believe me, Aglaë, she deceived you.

A G L A Æ.

Indeed she has not : I saw it with my own eyes : I know my father's hand too well to have the least doubt of it : but be assured, Socrates, I shall be able to bear poverty as I ought : these hands will support me ; if I can but live, it is enough for me, but it is not for Sophronimus.

S O P H R O N I M U S.

It is too much, a thousand times too much for me : thou tender noble soul, worthy of my illustrious master : a virtuous and laborious poverty is the

natural

natural state of man. I wish I could have offered you a throne, but if you will condescend to live with Sophronimus, our respectable poverty will be superior to the throne of Cræsus.

S O C R A T E S.

Your generous sentiments at once delight and distress me: I behold with transport those virtues budding forth in your heart, which I myself had sown: never were my hopes better fulfilled than in Aglae and Sophronimus: but once more believe me, Aglae, my wife has misinformed you: you are richer than you think you are: it was not to her, but to me your father entrusted you. May he not have left you a fortune which Xantippe knows nothing of?

A G L A E.

No, Socrates, he says expressly in his will, that he has left me poor.

S O C R A T E S.

And I tell you that you are deceived, that he has left you a sufficient competency to enable you to live happily with the virtuous Sophronimus, and that I desire therefore you would come, and sign the contract immediately.

S C E N E

S C È N E VII.

SOCRATES, XANTIPPE, AGLAE,
SOPHRONIMUS.

XANTIPPE.

Come, come, child, do not stand amusing yourself there with my husband's visions and nonsense : philosophy to be sure is a mighty pretty thing when folks have nothing else to do : but you are a beggar, child ; and must study how to live first, and philosophise afterwards. I have concluded your marriage with Anitus, a worthy priest, and a man of fortune. Come, child, follow me, let me have no delays nor contradiction ; I love to be obeyed : quick, quick, my dear, it is for your good, therefore let me have none of your reasonings, but follow me.

SOPHRONIMUS.

O heaven ! my dear Aglae !

SOCRATES.

Let her talk, and trust to me for your happiness.

XANTIPPE.

Let me talk indeed ! I shall talk and do too, I assure you. You are a pretty one to be sure, with your wisdom, your familiar demon, your irony,
and

and all your nonsense that signifies nothing, to trouble yourself about matrimony: you are a good sort of man, but you really know nothing of the world; happy is it for you that I am able to govern you. Come, Aglae, I must settle you as soon as possible. And you, sir, there, that seem as if you were thunderstruck, I have taken care of you too: Drixa is the woman for you: you will both of you thank me by and by: I shall have done it all in a minute: I am very expeditious: let us lose no time therefore, by rights it should have been all over before this.

S O C R A T E S.

My children, do not thwart or provoke her, but pay her all kind of deference: we must comply with, since we cannot mend her: it is the triumph of reason to live well with those who have none.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

SOCRATES, SOPHRONIMUS.

SOPHRONIMUS

Divine Socrates, I know not how to believe my own happiness : how can Aglae, whose father died in extreme poverty, be possessed of so considerable a fortune ?

SOCRATES.

I told you before, she had more than she thought she had : I knew her father's affairs better than herself : let it suffice that you both enjoy a fortune which you deserve : the secrets of the dead should be preserved as religiously as those of the living.

SOPHRONIMUS.

I am only afraid the priest of Ceres, to whom you have preferred Sophronimus, will endeavour to revenge Aglae's refusal upon you : he is a man whom we have reason to dread.

SOCRATES.

What has he to fear who does his duty ? I know the malice of my enemies ; I know all their calumnies ; but when we take care never to offend God, and endeavour to do all the good we can to mankind, then is it that we are afraid of nothing, or while we live, or when we die.

S O.

SOPHRONIMUS.

I know it well ; yet I should die with grief if the happiness you bestowed on me should induce your enemies to put your virtue to the trial.

S C E N E II.

SOCRATES, SOPHRONIMUS,

AGLAE.

AGLAE.

O my benefactor, my father ! let me fall at thy feet, thou more than man ; join me, Sophronimus, in mutual acknowledgments ; it is he, it is Socrates who marries us at his own expence, and gives us best part of his own fortune to support us : but we must not suffer him, we must not be rich on these conditions ; no, if our hearts have any gratitude, let them imitate his generosity.

SOPHRONIMUS.

O Socrates ! with her I throw myself at thy feet ; like her I am charmed, astonished, and confounded at thy goodness ; we will not, must not abuse it : look on us as thy children, but do not let those children be a burthen to their kind parent ; thy friendship is fortune sufficient, it is all that we desire : thou art not rich, and yet thou dost more than all the great ones of the earth ; but were we to accept thy bounties, we should be unworthy of them.

SOCRA.

SOCRATES.

He, my children, you affect me too deeply : are we not bound to respect the will of the dead ? did not your father, Aglae, whom I always considered as part of myself, did he not enjoin me to treat you as my daughter ? Had I not done so, I had betrayed the confidence of friendship : I took upon me the performance of his will, and I have executed it : the little I bestow on you would have been useless to my old age, which has not many wants to supply. If it was my duty to obey my friend, it is yours to obey your father. I am that father now, and by that sacred name command you not to make me unhappy by your refusal : but retire, I see Xantippe coming this way ; I have reasons for desiring you to avoid her at present.

AGLAE.

Your commands are cruel, but they must be obeyed.

S C E N E III.

SOCRATES, XANTIPPE.

XANTIPPE.

A fine piece of work you have made here ! upon my word, my dear husband, I must put a stop to your proceedings. Here had I promised Aglae to Anitus the high-priest, a man of interest among the

the great, and Sophronimus to the rich Drixa, a woman of extensive influence among the people; and you marry your two fools together, and make me break my word to both: not content with this, you must needs give them best part of your fortune too. Twenty thousand drachms! good gods! twenty thousand drachms! are you not ashamed of yourself? at the age of threescore and ten too? Who's to pay your physicians when you are sick? or your lawyers when you have a law-suit? What am I to do, when that villainous wry-neck'd fellow, Anitus, whom you might have had on your side, if he should join his party to persecute you, as they have done so often already? Confusion to all philosophy and philosophers I say, and to my own foolish regard for you? You pretend to direct others, and want leading-strings yourself; always reasoning without a grain of common sense. If you were not one of the best men in the world, you would be the most ridiculous and the most insupportable: but mind me, you have only one way left, break off this foolish match, and do what your wife bids you.

S O C R A T E S.

You talk well, my dear Xantippe, and with great moderation; but hear what I have to say in return. I do not propose this marriage myself, but Aglae and Sophronimus love, and are worthy of

each other. I have already made over every thing to you that the laws will allow me, and have given almost all that remained to the daughter of my friend : the little which I keep is enough for me. I have no physician to pay, because I live sober ; no lawyers, because I have neither debts nor reversions : and with regard to that philosophy you approach me with, it will teach me to bear the manner of Anitus, and your treatment of me ! nay, even to love you, in spite of your ill-humour.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

XANTIPPE, alone.

The old fool ! and yet, spite of myself, I can't help esteeming him ; for after all, there is something great even in his follies : but his coolness and indifference makes me mad. To scold him is but idle labour : for these thirty years past I have been perpetually pecking at him ; and when I have tired myself with it, he bids me go on, and I am dumb-founded. Surely there must be something in that soul of his superior to mine.

S C E N E V.

XANTIPPE, DRIXA.

DRIXA.

So, Madam Xantippe, I see you are mistress at home : fye ! fye ! how mean it is to be governed by

by a husband ! this vile Socrates, to prevent making a young fellow's fortune ; but I'll be revenged.

XANTIPPE.

My dear madam Drixa, don't be so angry with my husband ; I am angry enough with him myself : he's a poor weak man, I confess ; but I verily believe, has one of the best hearts in the world, has not the least degree of malice, and does a thousand foolish things without designing, and with so much honesty, that one cannot help forgiving him : then indeed he is as obstinate as a mule : I have done nothing but tease and torment him my whole life ; nay, I have even beat him sometimes, and yet I have never been able to mend him, nay, not so much as to put him into a passion. What can I do with him ?

DRIXA.

I tell you, I'll be revenged : under yonder portico I perceive his good friend Anitus, and some more of our party : let me alone with him.

XANTIPPE.

My god ! I am dreadfully afraid these folks, all together, will do my poor husband some mischief : I must go and tell him of it, for after all one cannot help loving him.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

ANITUS, DRIXA, TERPANDER, ACROS.

D R I X A.

Most noble Anitus, we have all been wronged : you are tricked as well as myself : this vile Socrates has given away three parts of his fortune on purpose to spite you : you must take ample revenge of him.

A N I T U S.

I design it : heaven itself requires it of me : this man treats me with contempt, and of course must despise the gods. Already we have had several accusations against him, we must repeat them, you will all assist me : we will put him in danger of his life, then will I offer him my protection, on condition that he resigns Aglae to me, and to you the beautiful Sophronimus : thus we shall all gain our several points : he will be sufficiently punished by the fright we shall put him into : I shall get my mistress, and you your lover.

D R I X A.

Wisdom herself speaks in Anitus : sure some divinity inspires you : but tell us, how are we to proceed ?

A N I T U S.

This is about the time when the judges go to the tribunal, with Melitus at the head of them.

D R I X A.

DRIXA.

That Melitus is a little pedant, sad a fellow, and your enemy.

ANITUS.

He is so; but he is still a greater enemy to Socrates; it is a rascally hypocrite who supports the rights of the areopagus against me: but we always hold together when our mutual interest and business is to destroy these pretended wise men, who want to open the eyes of people on our conduct. Harkee, my dear Drixa, you are a devotee.

DRIXA.

Certainly, my lord, I love money, and I love pleasure with all my soul; but in matters of devotion I yield to none.

ANITUS.

Go then immediately, and get together as many bawling enthusiasts as you can, and cry out, Impiety! Impiety!

TERPANDER.

Is there any thing to be got by it; if there is, we are all ready?

ACROS.

Ay, ay, that we are; but what sort of impiety?

ANITUS.

ANITUS.

O every kind : however, we had best accuse him at once of not believing in the gods ; that's the shortest way.

DRIXA.

O let me alone then.

ANITUS.

You shall be well supported ; go, and stir up your friends under the portico : in the mean time I'll inform some of my news-loving friends of it, who come frequently to dine with me ; a parcel of contemptible fellows they are to be sure, but such as, if properly directed, can do a good deal of mischief on occasion : we must make use of every expedient to promote a good cause. Away, my friends, recommend yourselves to Ceres, and be ready to cry out when I give you the signal : 'tis the only way for you to live happy here, and gain heaven hereafter.

S C E N E VII.

ANITUS, GRAPHIUS, CHOMUS, BERTILLUS.

ANITUS.

Most indefatigable Graphius, profound Chomus, and delicate Bertillus, have you finished those little works as I commanded you against the impious Socrates ?

VOL. VI.

H

GRA-

GRAPHIUS.

My lord, I have laboured : he'll never hold up his head again.

CHOMUS.

I have proved the fact against him ; struck him dumb.

BERTILLUS.

I have only mentioned him in my journal, and it has done for him.

ANITUS.

Graphius, beware ! you know I forbid your prolixity : you are naturally tedious, and that may wear out the patience of the court.

GRAPHIUS.

My lord, 'tis all in one leaf ; wherein I have proved, that the soul is an infused quintessence ; that tails were given to animals to drive away flies ; that Ceres works miracles ; and consequently, that Socrates is an enemy to the state, and ought to be exterminated.

ANITUS.

A most excellent conclusion ! remember to carry your accusation to the second judge, who is a complete philosopher. I'll answer for it, you'll soon get rid of your enemy Socrates.

GRA-

GRAPHIUS.

My lord, I am not his enemy ; I am only vexed that he has so great a reputation : all that I do is for the glory of Ceres, and the good of my country.

ANITUS.

Well, well, make haste and be gone : and you, learned Chomus, what have you done ?

CHOMUS.

My lord, finding nothing reprehensible in the writings of Socrates, I shall accuse him point blank of thinking directly opposite to what he says, and shall show the poison he intends to spread in every thing he is to say hereafter.

ANITUS.

Wonderful indeed ! carry your piece to the fourth judge : he has not common-sense, and therefore will understand you perfectly : now for you, Bertillus.

BERTILLUS.

My lord, here is my last journal upon the chaos. I have proved, by a regular series from the chaos to the Olympics, that Socrates perverts the youth of Athens.

ANITUS.

Admirable ! go you from me to the seventh judge, and tell him I desire he'd take care of Socrates ;

crates. So; here comes Melitus already, the first of the eleven; there's no necessity of practising any art with him, we know one another too well.

S C E N E VIII.

ANITUS, MELITUS.

ANITUS.

Mr. Judge, one word with you: this Socrates must be destroyed.

MELITUS.

Indeed, Mr. High-priest, I have long thought so: let us agree in this point; we may quarrel, you know, notwithstanding about every thing else.

ANITUS.

I know we hate another most cordially: but at the same time we may lay our heads together to govern the commonwealth.

MELITUS.

With all my heart, no body can overhear us: therefore, to speak freely, I know you are a rogue, and you don't look upon me as a very honest man: I cannot hurt you because you are high priest, nor you me, because I am first judge; but Socrates may do us both a mischief, by exposing us to the world; our first business, therefore, is to destroy him, and then we may be at leisure to fall upon one another the first opportunity.

ANITUS.

ANITUS. [Aside.

'Tis well observ'd : how I could rejoice now to see this rascally judge upon an altar, his arms hanging on one side and his legs on the other, while I with my golden knife was ripping up his guts and consulting his liver at leisure !

MELITUS. [Aside.

Shall I never be able to send this villainous high-priest to goal, and make him swallow a pint of hemlock by my command ?

ANITUS.

O my friend, here come our noble assistants. I have taken care to prepare the populace.

MELITUS.

Very well, my dear friend, you may depend upon me in this affair, not forgetting old scores.

S C E N E IX.

ANITUS, MELITUS, some of the Judges of Athens passing along under the portico.

Anitus whispers Melitus.

DRIXA, TERPANDER, and ACROS together.

Justice ! justice ! scandal ! impiety ! justice ! justice ! irreligion ! impiety ! justice !

H 3

ANITUS.

A N I U S.

What's the matter, my friends, what's your complaint ?

D R I X A, T E R P A N D E R, and A C R O S.

Justice ! in the name of the people.

M E L I T U S.

Against whom ?

D R I X A, T E R P A N D E R, and A C R O S.

Against Socrates.

M E L I T U S.

Ha ! ha ! against Socrates ? that fellow has been often accused : what has he done now !

A C R O S.

I don't know what.

T E R P A N D E R.

They say he gives money to young girls in marriage.

A C R O S.

Ay, he corrupts our youth.

D R I X A.

O, he's a wicked wretch ! he has offered up no cakes to Ceres ; he says there is a great deal of useless gold and silver in the temple.

A C R O S.

Ay, and he says the priests of Ceres get drunk sometimes ; that's true ; he's a wicked wretch indeed.

D R I X A.

D R I X A.

He's a heretic ; he denies the plurality of gods ; he's a deist : he believes only in one God ; he's an atheist.

All three together.

Yes ; he's a heretic, a deist, and an atheist.

M E L I T U S.

Dreadful accusations indeed, and all extremely probable : I have heard as much before.

A N I T U S.

The state is in danger if we leave such crimes unpunished : Minerva will withdraw her protection from us.

D R I X A.

Ay, that she will, I have heard him laugh at Minerva's owl.

M E L I T U S.

At Minerva's owl ! O heaven ! Gentlemen, is not it your opinion he ought to be sent to prison immediately ?

The Judges all together.

To prison with him, to prison.

M E L I T U S.

Guards, carry Socrates to prison this instant.

D R I X A.

And afterwards let him be burned without a hearing.

H 4

One

One of the Judges.

No, no ; we must hear him ; we must not go against the law.

ANITUS.

No, no ; that's what the good woman meant : we must hear him, but not let what he says have too much effect on us ; you know these philosophers are * devilish subtle : 'tis they who have disturbed all those nations which we have endeavoured to render peaceable and quiet.

MELITUS.

To prison with him, to prison.

SCENE X.

To them enter XANTIPPE, SOPHRONIMUS, AGLAE, SOCRATES in chains.

XANTIPPE, Servants.

O mercy ! mercy ! my poor husband is going to prison ; are you not ashamed, Mr. Judges, to treat a man of his years in this manner ? What harm

* The reader will observe, that Mr. Voltaire has made use of two or three phrases that would come with more propriety from the mouth of a French catholic than a heathen priest ; such as *gagner le ciel*, *Heritique*, and *Diabolique* ; and some other terms which the Greeks were probably not very well acquainted with.

could

could he do? Alas! is it not in his power; * he is more fool than knave, God knows; have pity on him, good gentlemen. O, my dear, I told you you would draw yourself into some bad affair. This comes of portioning young girls. What an unhappy creature I am!

SOPHRONIMUS.

O my lords, respect his age, respect his virtue; give me his chains! I am ready to yield up my liberty, my life for his.

AGLAE.

Yes; we will go to prison in his stead; we will die for him: do not destroy the noblest, best of men: take us rather for your victims.

MELITUS.

You see how he corrupts our youth.

SOCRATES.

No more, my wife; no more, my children; do not oppose the will of heaven, which speaks by the laws: he who resists the law, is no longer a citizen. God wills that I should be put in bondage; I submit to his divine decree without murmur, or

* La Fontain's servant, it is reported, said the same thing of her master. It is not Mr. Thompson's fault if Xantippe said the same thing before her. Mr. Thompson painted Xantippe as she really was: he was not obliged to make a Cornelia of her, V.

repining. In my own house, in Athens, or in a prison, I am equally free ; and while I behold in you so much gratitude, and so much friendship, I am happy. What matters it whether Socrates sleeps in his own chamber, or in a prison ? Every thing is as the supreme will ordains, and my will should submit to it.

MELITUS.

Take away this reasoner.

ANITUS.

Gentlemen, what he says I must own has affected me ; the man seems to have a good disposition ; I flatter myself I should be able to convert him ; let me have a little private conversation with him ; please to order his wife and these young folks to retire.

One of the Judges.

Most venerable Anitus, you have our consent to parley with him before he appears at the tribunal.

S C E N E XI.

ANITUS, SOCRATES.

ANITUS.

Most virtuous Socrates, my heart bleeds to see you in this condition.

S O C R A T E S.

SOCRATES.

And have you a heart ?

ANITUS.

I have, and one that feels for you : I am ready to do every thing for you.

SOCRATES.

I think you have done enough already.

ANITUS.

Harkee, Socrates, your situation is worse than you think it is ; let me tell you, your life is in danger.

SOCRATES.

That is of very little consequence.

ANITUS.

To your noble soul it may appear so, but it is otherwise in the eyes of all those, who, like me, admire your virtue : believe me, however you may be armed by philosophy, it is dreadful to die a death of ignominy : but that is not all ; your reputation, which should be dear to you, will be sullied in after ages : the religious of both sexes will laugh at your fall, and insult you : if you are burned, they'll light the pile ; if you are strangled, they'll tie the cord ; if you are poisoned, they'll pound the hemlock ; and not only that, but they'll make your memory execrable to all posterity. Now it is in your own power to prevent all this ; I will pro-

mise not only to save your life, but even to persuade your judges to say with the oracle, that you are the wisest of men : you have nothing to do but to give me up your young pupil, Aglac, with the portion ; you understand me : as to her marriage with Sophronimus, we shall find means to set it aside : thus you will enjoy a peaceful and honourable old age, and the gods and goddesses will bless you.

SOCRATES.

Soldiers, conduct me to prison immediately.

[He is carried off.

ANITUS.

This fellow is incorrigible ; but it is not my fault ; I have done my duty, and have nothing to reproach myself with : he must be abandoned as a reprobate, and left to die in his sins.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Judges seated on the Tribunal.

SOCRATES below.

JUDGE. [To Anitus.

YOU should not sit here, you are priest of Ceres.

ANITUS.

I am only here for edification.

MELITUS.

Silence there : Socrates, you are accused of being a bad citizen, of corrupting youth, of denying a plurality of gods, of being a heretic, deist, and atheist : answer to the charge.

SOCRATES.

Judges of Athens, I exhort you all to be as good citizens as I have always myself endeavoured to be : to shed your blood for your country, as I have done in many a battle : with regard to youth, guide them by your counsels, and, above all, direct them by your example ; teach them to love true virtue, and to avoid the miserable philosophy of the schools. The article concerning a plurality of gods is a little more difficult to discuss, but hear what I have

have to say upon it. Know then, ye judges of Athens, there is but one God.

MELITUS. and another Judge.

O the impious wretch !

SOCRATES.

I say, there is but one God, in his nature infinite, nor can any being partake of his infinity. Turn your eyes towards the celestial globes, to the earth and seas ; all correspond together, all are made one for the other : each being is intimately connected with other beings, all formed with one design, by one great architect, one only master, and preserver : perhaps he hath deigned to create genii, and demons, more powerful and more wise than men ; if such exist, they are creatures like you, his first subjects, not gods : but nothing in nature proves to us that they do exist, while all nature speaks one God and one father : this God hath no need of Mercury and Iris to deliver his commands to us ; he hath only to will, and that is enough. If by Minerva you understand no more than the wisdom of God ; if by Neptune you only mean his immutable laws, which raise or depress the sea ; you may still reverence Neptune and Minerva, provided that under these emblems you adore none but the supreme Being, and that the people are not deceived by you into false opinions.

Be.

Be careful above all not to turn religion into metaphysics, its essence is morality : dispute not, but worship. If our ancestors believed that the supreme God came down into the arms of Alcmena, Danae, and Semele, and had children by them, our ancestors imagined dangerous and idle fables. 'Tis an insult on the Divinity to conceive that he could possibly, in any manner whatsoever, commit with woman the crime which we call adultery. It is a discouragement to the rest of mankind to say, that, to be a great man, it is necessary to be produced from the mysterious union of Jupiter and one of our own wives and daughters. Miltiades, Cimon, Themistocles, and Aristides, whom you persecuted, were perhaps much greater than Perseus, Hercules, or Bacchus. The only way to become the children of God, is to endeavour to please him. Deserve therefore that title, by never passing an unjust sentence.

MELITUS.

What insolence ! what blasphemy !

Another Judge.

What absurdities ! one can't tell what he means.

MELITUS.

Socrates, you are always too fond of argument : answer briefly, and with precision : did you, or did you not, laugh at Minerva's owl ?

SOCRA.

SOCRATES.

Judges of Athens, take care of your owls ; when you propose ridiculous things as objects of belief, too many are apt to resolve that they will believe nothing : they have sense enough to find out that your doctrine is absurd, though they have not elevation of mind sufficient to discover the law of truth ; they know how to laugh at your little deceptions, but not to adore the first of beings, the one, incomprehensible, incommunicable Being, the eternal, all-just, and all-powerful God.

MELITUS.

O the blasphemer ! the monster ! he has said too much already : I condemn him to death.

Many of the Judges.

And so do we.

One of the Judges.

Several of us are of another opinion : Socrates has spoken wisely ; we believe men would be more wise and just if they thought like him : for my part, far from condemning him, I think he ought to be rewarded.

Many of the Judges.

We think so too.

MELITUS.

The opinions seem to be divided.

ANI-

ANITUS.

Gentlemen of the areopagus, permit me to interrogate him a little. Do you believe, Socrates, that the sun turns round, and that the areopagus acts by divine right?

SOCRATES.

You have no authority to ask any questions, but I have authority to teach you what you are ignorant of: it is of little importance to society, whether the sun or the earth turns round, but it is of the utmost consequence, whether the men who turn with them be just or unjust: virtue only acts from the divine right, and you and the areopagus have no rights but those which your country has bestowed on you.

ANITUS.

Illustrious and most equitable judges, let Socrates retire.

[Melitus makes a sign, Socrates is carried out.]

ANITUS proceeds.

Most august Areopagus, instituted by heaven, you hear what he says: this dangerous fellow denies that the sun turns round, and that you act by right divine: if these opinions prevail, adieu to magistracy, and adieu to the sun: you are no longer judges appointed by Minerva; you will become accountable for your proceedings; you must no longer determine but according to the laws;
and

and if you once depend on the laws, you are undone : punish rebellion therefore, revenge earth and heaven, I am going : dread you the anger of the gods if Socrates is permitted to live.

[Anitus goes out, and the Judges demur.

One of the Judges.

I don't care to quarrel with Anitus ; he is a dangerous man to offend. If he troubled himself with the gods only it would not signify.

Another Judge, to his brother sitting near him.

Between you and me, Socrates is in the right ; but then he should not be in the right so publicly. I care no more for Ceres and Neptune than he does ; but he should not speak out to the whole Areopagus what he ought to have whispered : yet after all, what is there in poisoning a philosopher, especially when he is old and ugly ?

Another Judge.

If there be any injustice in condemning Socrates, it is Anitus's business and not mine : I lay it all upon his conscience : besides, it grows late, we lose our time ; let us talk no more about it : to death with him.

Another.

Ay, ay, they say he's an heretic, and an atheist ; to death with him.

MELITUS.

MILITUS.

Call Socrates.

[He is brought in.]

Blessed be the gods, the plurality of voices is for death; Socrates, the gods by us condemn you to drink hemlock.

S O C R A T E S.

We are all mortal: nature condemns you also to death in a short time, probably you may meet with a more unhappy end than mine: the distempers which bring on death are much more painful than a cup of hemlock. I thank those among my judges who pleaded in favour of innocence; for the rest, they have my pity.

One of the Judges going out.

Certainly this man deserved a pension from the state, rather than a cup of poison.

Another Judge.

I think so too; but why would he quarrel with a priest of Ceres?

Another.

After all, it is best to get rid of a philosopher: those fellows have always a certain fierceness of spirit which should be damp'd a little.

Another.

One word with you, gentlemen: would not it be right, while our hand is in, to make an end of all the geometricians, who pretend that the three angles

angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones; they are a mighty scandal to the foolish people that read their works.

Another.

Ay, ay, we'll hang them all the next session*; let's go to dinner.

S C E N E II.

SOCRATES alone.

I have been long prepared for death; all I fear at present is, that my wife Xantippe will be troubling me in my last moments, and interrupt me in the sweet employment of recollecting my soul, and preparing myself for eternity: I ought to busy myself only in the contemplation of that supreme Being, before whom I am soon to appear. But here she comes; I must be resigned to all things.

S C E N E III.

SOCRATES, XANTIPPE, with the Disciples of Socrates.

XANTIPPE.

Well, my poor man, what have these gentlemen of the law concluded on? have they fined you,

* In the sixth century a parallel circumstance actually happened, and one of the judges made use of those very words, "To death with him, and let's go to dinner." V.

are you banished or acquitted? my God! how uneasy have I been about you! pray take care this don't happen a second time.

S O C R A T E S.

No, my dear, this will not happen a second time, I'll answer for it; give yourself no uneasiness about any thing. My dear disciples, my friends, welcome.

C R I T O, at the head of his Disciples.

You see us, beloved Socrates, no less concerned for you than Xantippe; we have gained permission of the judges to visit you. Just heaven! must we behold Socrates in chains! permit us to kiss those bonds which reflect shame on Athens. How could Anitus and his friends reduce you to this condition?

S O C R A T E S.

Let us think no more of these trifles, my friends, but continue the examination we were making yesterday into the soul's immortality. We observed, I remember, that nothing could be more probable, or at the same time more full of comfort and satisfaction, than this sweet idea; in fact, matter we know changes, but perishes not; why then should the soul perish? can it be that, raised as we are to the knowledge of a God through the veil of this mortal body, we should cease to know him when that veil is removed? No; as we think
now,

now, we must always think ; thought is the very essence of man ; and this being must appear before a just God, who will recompence virtue, punish vice, and pardon weakness and error.

XANTIPPE.

Nobly said : but what does this fellow here with his cup ?

Enter the Goaler, or Executioner of the Eleven, carrying a cup of hemlock.

Goaler.

Here, Socrates, the senate have sent you this.

XANTIPPE.

Thou vile poisoner of the commonwealth, would you kill my husband before my face ? monster, I'll tear you to pieces.

SOCRATES.

My dear friend, I ask your pardon for my wife's rude behaviour : she has scolded me all her life ; she only treats you as she does her husband ; excuse her impertinence : give me the cup.

[He takes the cup.

One of the Disciples.

O divine Socrates ! why may not we take that poison for you ? horrible injustice ! shall the guilt thus condemn the innocent, and fools destroy the wise ? you go then to death !

SOCRA.

SOCRATES.

No, my friends, to life : this is the cup of immortality : it is not this perishable body that has loved, and instructed you ; it is my soul alone that has lived with you, and that shall love you for ever.

[He is going to drink.

GOALER.

I must take off your fetters first ; 'tis always done.

SOCRATES.

Do it then, I beg you.

[He scratches his leg.

One of the Disciples.

You smile !

SOCRATES.

I smile at the reflection, that pleasure should arise from pain : thus it is that eternal felicity shall spring from the * miseries of this life.

[Drinks the poison.]

* I have taken the liberty here to retrench two whole pages of a fine sermon by Socrates : this common-place morality is extremely tiresome. Those honest gentlemen, who are of opinion that Socrates should have talked a long time on this occasion, are strangers both to the theatre, and the human heart.

Semper ad eventum festinat.

This is the great rule which Mr. Thompson carefully observed. V.

CRITO.

CRITO.

Alas! what have you done?

XANTIPPE.

Ay, for a thousand ridiculous discourses of this kind the poor man has lost his life: indeed, my dear, you will break my heart; I could strangle all the judges with my own hands. I did use to scold you indeed, but I always loved you notwithstanding; these polite well-bred gentlemen have put you to death: O my dear, dear husband!

SOCRATES.

Be calm, my good Xantippe; weep not, my friends; it becomes not the disciples of Socrates to shed tears.

CRITO.

How can we avoid it on so dreadful an occasion? this legal murder!

SOCRATES.

Thus it is that men will often behave to the worshippers of one true God, and the enemies of superstition.

CRITO.

And must Socrates be one of those unhappy victims?

SOCRATES.

It is noble to be the victim of the Deity: I die contented. I wish indeed that, to the satisfaction of seeing you, my friends, I could have added the hap-

happinefs of embracing Sophronimus and Aglae :
I wonder they are not here : they would have made
my laft moments more welcome.

CRITO.

Alas ! they know not that you have already undergone the judges dreadful fentence : they have been talking to the people, and praifing thofe magiftrates who would have acquitted you. Aglae has laid open the guilt of Anitus, and publifhed his fhame and difhonour : they perhaps might have faved your life : O dear Socrates, why would you thus precipitate your fate ?

S C E N E the laft.

To them enter AGLAE, SOPHRONIMUS.

AGLAE.

Divine Socrates, be not afraid : be comforted, Xantippe : worthy difciples of Socrates, do not weep.

SOPHRONIMUS.

Your enemies are confounded : the people rife in your defence.

AGLAE.

We have been talking to them ; we have laid open the intrigues and jealousy of the wicked Anitus : it was my duty to demand juftice for his crime, as I was the caufe of it.

SOPHRONIMUS.

Anitus hath saved himself by flight from the rage of the people: he and his accomplices are pursued: solemn thanks have been given to those judges who appeared in your favour: the people are now at the gates of the prison, and wait to conduct you home in triumph.

XANTIPPE.

Alas! 'tis lost labour!

One of the Disciples.

O Socrates, why would you so hastily obey?

AGLAE.

Live, dear Socrates, the benefactor of your country, the model of future ages; O live for the general happiness of mankind!

CRITO.

Ye noble pair, my virtuous friends, it is too late.

XANTIPPE.

You stay'd too long.

AGLAE.

Alas! too late! what mean you? just heaven!

SOPHRONIMUS.

Has he then already drank the fatal draught?

SO-

SOCRATES.

Sweet Aglae, and dear Sophronimus, the law ordained that I should take the poison: I obeyed the law, unjust as it is, because it oppressed myself alone: had the injustice been done to another, I would have resisted it. I go to death, but the example of friendship which you give the world, and your nobleness of soul shall never perish: your virtue is greater, much greater, than the guilt of those who accused me. I bless that fate which the world may call misfortune, because it hath set in the fairest light the goodness of your hearts. My dear Xantippe, be happy; and remember, that to be so, you must curb your impetuous temper. My beloved disciples, listen always to the voice of that philosophy which will teach you to despise your persecutors, and pity human weakness: and you, my daughter Aglae, and my son Sophronimus, be always what you now are.

AGLAE.

How wretched are we that we cannot die for you!

SOCRATES.

Your lives are valuable, mine would have been useless: take my tender last farewell; the doors of eternity are open to receive me.

XANTIPPE.

He was a great man ! O I will rouse up the whole nation.

SOPHRONIMUS.

May we raise up temples to Socrates, if ever mortal man deserved it !

CRITO.

At least may his wisdom teach mankind, that temples should be raised to God alone !

END of the THIRD and LAST ACT.



A L Z I R A:

OR, THE

A M E R I C A N S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Represented Jan. 27, 1736.



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L E T T E R

T O T H E

MARCHIONESS of CHASTELLET.

MADAM,

HOW contemptible a present for the marchioness of Chastellet, is one of these pieces of poetry, which owing all their merit to the transitory favour of the public, and theatrical delusion, are written but for a day, and soon sink into oblivion ! What indeed is a novel put into verse, and represented on the stage, to one who reads works of geometry with as much ease as others read romances ; to her who finds in Locke, that great preceptor of mankind, nothing but her own opinion and the history of her own thoughts ; what can it be, in short, to one who, born to enjoy the pleasures of life, quits them all for the sake of truth ?

But the greatest genius, madam, and doubtless the most desirable, is he who excludes none of the fine arts, they all improve and delight the mind ;

is there one of them therefore we should wish to deprive ourselves of? happy are those few whom philosophy doth not sour, nor the belles lettres enervate: who can learn fortitude of Locke, and acquire knowledge from Clarke and Newton, improve and exalt their minds by the study of Cicero and Bossuet, and adorn them with the charms of Virgil and Tasso!

Such is the marchioness of Chastelet: I am not afraid, madam, to say this, though I know you are unwilling to hear it. Your example should teach those of the same sex, and the same rank, that the noblest may become more noble by the improvement of their reason, and that wit and sense give new charms to beauty. There was a time in France, and indeed in every part of Europe, when both men and women thought learning unbecoming, and that to search for knowledge and instruction, was going out of their sphere; the former thought themselves born only for war, or idleness; the latter for nothing but coquetry.

The ridicule which Moliere and Despreaux threw on learned women, seemed to justify in a more refined age the prejudices of barbarism; but Moliere, that great legislator in morality and decorum, certainly never meant by his attack on learned women, to laugh at wit and wisdom; he only satirized the abuse and affectation of them,

in

in like manner as in his *Tartuffe* he censured hypocrisy and not virtue.

If instead of writing a satire on the sex, the exact, solid, laborious, and elegant Despreaux, had consulted some of the most sensible women about the court, he would have added to the art and merit of his highly-finished works, a grace and beauty which would have made them infinitely more agreeable; in vain does he endeavour to ridicule a lady for learning astronomy, he had better have learned it himself.

Philosophy has made such a progress in France within these forty years past, that, were Boileau now living, he who took the liberty to laugh at a woman of the first rank, because she was privately visited by Roberval and Sauveur, would now be obliged to respect and to imitate those who publicly receive instructions from our Maupertuis, Reaumur, Mairans, Dufays, and Clairauts, from all those truly learned men, who teach a most useful science, and who, by rendering it pleasant and agreeable, make it insensibly necessary to this nation. I will venture to say, we live at a time when a poet must be a philosopher, and a woman may safely be one.

In the beginning of the last age, the French learned only to range their words: at length the age of things is arrived! she who formerly read *Mont-*

tagne, the Astræa, and the Tales of the Queen of Navarre, was called a learned woman. Deshoulières and Dacier, both excellent in their several ways, appeared some time after ; but your sex has received yet more honour from those who had taste enough to relish that charming book, the Plurality of Worlds, and Dialogues on Light, a work perhaps not inferior to the other.

It is true indeed, that a woman who should neglect the duties of her family and station to cultivate the sciences would be blameable, even though she made the most considerable progress in them ; but the same spirit that leads to the knowledge of truth, will instruct us in the performance of every duty. The queen of England, wife of George II, who was mediatrix between the two greatest metaphysicians in Europe, Clarke and Leibnitz, and who was able to determine the merits of them both, never on that account neglected for a moment the duties of a queen, a mother, and a wife. Christina, who quitted the throne for the polite arts, was ranked among the greatest sovereigns while she held the reins of empire ; and has not the granddaughter of the immortal Condé, in whom we see revived the spirit of her grand-father, added new dignity to the blood from whence she sprang ?

You, madam, whose name deserves to be placed with theirs, have done the same honour to literature,

ture, by cultivating every part of it, which is your constant employment, at a time of life generally dedicated to pleasures of another kind. You have done still more ; you conceal this extraordinary merit with as much care and assiduity as you acquired it : continue, madam, to cultivate the sciences, while that bright flame which you in vain endeavour to hide will break forth in spite of yourself. Should those who have long dispensed their favours in secret renounce their charity, when it is become public ? Why blush at your own merit ? A mind adorned like yours is a new empire, the arts are ever ambitious of the sovereign's protection ; to have beauty for their patroness is still more serviceable.

Permit me to add, that one reason why we should esteem women of letters, is, that they read and study from taste and inclination only ; they consider it as an addition to their pleasures, and in that they are certainly commendable ; while, with regard to us men, we must acknowledge, that it is often from vanity, or interest, that we spend our lives in the improvement of arts : we make them but the instruments to advance our fortune, which is a kind of profanation. I am sorry to hear Horace say of himself, * “ Poverty made me a poet.” The

* — paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus faterem.

HOR. Epist. lib. II. Epist. ii. v. 51.

rust of envy, the artifice of intrigue, the poison of calumny, the assassination of satire, (if I may venture to call it so) dishonour and disgrace a profession which of itself hath something in it almost divine.

For me, madam, led by an invincible inclination to the arts from my earliest years, I always admired those words which I have often repeated to you, of Cicero, the father of his country, of liberty, and of eloquence, “ Letters are the instruction of youth, and the delight of old age ; an ornament in prosperity, in adversity a comfort and a relief ; at home always agreeable, abroad never troublesome, in town or country, night and day ; at every hour, and in every place, they are the truest happiness in life *.”

I have always loved them for their own sakes, but now I cultivate them for yours, madam, that

* *Hac Studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium, ac solatium præbent ; delectant domi, non impediunt foris ; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

Ingenuous arts in every state engage,
 Charm us when young, and solace us in age ;
 Adorn when fortune showers her golden store,
 And breathe kind comfort when she smiles no more :
 Tranquil at home they lull with sweet content,
 Abroad they give us no impediment ;
 In town or country cheer us night and day,
 And when we travel charm us on our way.

F. F.

I may

I may deserve, if possible, the happiness of spending the remainder of my life with you in retirement, in the bosom of peace, and in the search of that truth for which you, in the bloom of youth, have sacrificed all the false enchanting pleasures of the world, that I may one day, in short, have it in my power to say with Lucretius, that poet and philosopher, whose beauties and whose faults you are so well acquainted with,

* — 'Tis pleasant to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war ;
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd ; }
From thence to look below on human kind
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

DRYDEN.

I will add nothing to this long epistle concerning the tragedy which I have the honour to dedicate to you ; how indeed, madam, can I speak of that,

* Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena ;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ ;
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate ;
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.
O miseras hominum mentes ! O pectora cæca !

LUCRET. Lib. 2. lin. 7:

after

after having talked of you ? All I can say is, that it was written in your house, and under your eye : I have endeavoured to make it less unworthy of you by novelty, truth, and virtue, by setting forth that generous way of thinking, that humanity, that nobleness of soul, which is always pardoning evil, and doing good ; those sentiments so strongly recommended by the sages of antiquity, refined and improved by our own holy religion, those true laws of nature, for the most part so seldom obeyed ; you have corrected many faults in this piece, and know but too well how many still remain in it ; may the public, whose severity will be proportioned to its former indulgence, be as favourable to my errors as you have been !

* May the work which I dedicate to you at least boast of longer life than the rest of my performances ! were it worthy of her to whom it is addressed, it would be immortal.

I am, madam, with the profoundest respect, &c.

* All this was not merely an idle compliment, like most epistles dedicatory. The author did actually pass twenty years of his life with this celebrated lady, in the study of philosophy and the belles lettres ; and while she lived he would by no means leave her, though invited by a king, as appears by several letters printed in the third volume of this edition. V.

P R E F A C E

THIS tragedy, the fable of which is invented, and almost of a new species, was written with a view of showing how far superior the spirit of true religion is to the light of nature. The religion of a barbarian consists in offering up to his gods the blood of his enemies ; a christian badly instructed has seldom much more humanity : to be a strict observer of some unnecessary rites and ceremonies, and at the same time deficient in the most essential duties, to say certain prayers at particular times, and carefully to conceal his vices ; this is his religion : that of a true christian, is to look upon all mankind as his brethren, to do them all the good in his power, and pardon their offences : such is Guzman at the hour of death, and Alvarez during the whole course of his life ; such a man was Henry IV. as I have described him, even with all his foibles : in every part of my writings I have endeavoured to enforce that humanity which ought to be the distinguishing characteristic of a thinking being : the reader will always find in them (if I may venture to say so much of my own works) a desire to promote the happiness of all men, and an abhorrence of injustice and oppression :

oppression : it is this, and this alone, which hath hitherto saved them from that obscurity to which their many imperfections would otherwise long since have condemned them : it was this which supported the *Henriade*, in spite of all the efforts of some jealous Frenchmen, who were resolved absolutely to deny that France could ever be capable of producing an epic poem : but there are always a few readers who will not suffer their judgments to be tainted by the poison of cabals and intrigues ; who love truth alone, and always look for the man in the author, with whom I found favour : to these few unprejudiced judges I beg leave to address the following reflections, and hope they will forgive that necessity which obliges me to make them.

A stranger at Paris was greatly astonished the other day at meeting with a heap of libels of various kinds, and a cruel combination against a poor man that grievously oppressed him : certainly, said he, this man must have been very ambitious, must have endeavoured to raise himself to some of those exalted posts that stir up the envy of mankind. No, it was replied, he is nothing but an obscure retired citizen, who keeps company with Virgil and Locke more than any of his countrymen, whose very person is as little known to some of his enemies, as to the graver who pretended to engrave

engrave his picture : he is the author of some pieces that have drawn tears from your eyes ; of some performances, in which, in spite of all their faults, you admire that love of humanity, justice, and liberty, which reigns through every one of them : those who calumniate him are, for the most part, men even more obscure than himself, who quarrel with him only for a little idle breath of fame, and who will persecute him as long as he lives, only because he has given you pleasure. The stranger was touched with indignation against the persecutors, and felt some pity for the unhappy man who was thus persecuted.

It is hard indeed, that we cannot obtain that of our own countrymen and cotemporaries, which we have reason to expect from strangers and from posterity : very cruel, and at the same time very disgraceful it is to human wit, that literature should be infected with these personal animosities, these cabals and intrigues, which the slaves of fortune alone should be tormented with. What do authors get by tearing one another to pieces ? they bring contempt and ignominy on a profession, which, but for themselves, would always be respectable : how melancholy a consideration is it to reflect, that the art of thinking, the noblest privilege of mankind, should become the source of ridicule ; and that men of wit, who often by their
quarrels

quarrels make themselves the jest of fools, should only be the buffoons of the public, when they ought to be the masters of it ?

Virgil, Varius, Pollio, Horace, and Tibullus were friends ; the monuments of their friendship still subsist, to teach mankind that great minds should always be united. If we cannot attain to the excellency of their genius, may we not at least imitate their virtues ? Those illustrious men, on whom the eyes of the whole universe were fixed, who contended for the admiration of Asia, Africa, and Europe, loved one another notwithstanding, and lived together as brethren ; while we (confined as we are within this narrow theatre, we whose names, scarce known in one obscure corner of the world, will soon pass away like our fashions, and be heard of no more), quarrel and fight with each other for a flash of fame, that is scarce seen by a creature beyond our own little horizon. We live as it were in a time of general famine, and prey upon one another. Virgil and Horace had no dissensions, because they lived in a land of plenty.

I have seen a book, entitled, *De Morbis Artificum*, or the Diseases of Artists : the most incurable of them all is this meanness and jealousy ; but the worst of all is, that interest has often a greater share than envy in these little satirical pamphlets,

phlets, with which we are so over-run. It is not long ago since a fellow, who had wrote an infamous libel against his friend and benefactor, being asked how he could be guilty of so much ingratitude, replied with all the indifference in the world, • I must live.

Whatever may be the cause of this shameful practice, certain it is, that when a man is attacked, merely on account of his writings, he should by no means think of answering the criticisms ; for if they are justly founded, he has nothing to do but to correct his works ; and if they are not, they will perish as soon as they are born. Let us call to mind the fable of Boccacini. “ A traveller, says he, was disturbed in his journey by the “ noise of grasshoppers ; he stopt with a resolution “ to destroy them all, but to no purpose, it only “ led him out of his way : he ought to have proceeded peaceably on his journey, the grasshoppers would all have died of themselves in a week’s “ time.”

The author should always forget himself, the man never ; “ seipsum deferere turpissimum est.” Those who have not wit enough to attack our works, will often calumniate our persons ; and as

* This answer was made by the Abbé des Fontaines to the count D'Argenson, secretary of state for military affairs. V.

foolish as it may be to answer them in some ways, it may be still more foolish not to answer them at all.

I have been abused in twenty libels as a man who had no religion; and one of the excellent proofs brought in support of it is, that, in Oedipus, Jocasta speaks thus :

These priests are not what the vile rabble think them,

Their knowledge springs from our credulity.

They who raised this calumny against me, are at least as reasonable as those who asserted in print, that the HENRIADE, in several parts of it, favoured of the Semipelagian. This charge of irreligion is frequently reiterated against me, because it is the last resource of calumny. How am I to answer, or how am I to make myself easy under all this, but by calling to mind all those great men, from Socrates to Descartes, who have suffered from the same cause? I will only ask them one question; which has the most religion, the calumniator who persecutes, or the calumniated who forgives?

I am treated in these very libels as a man envious of the reputation of others; I am a stranger to envy, but from the evil consequences of it to myself. I have commanded my pen not to be satirical,

tical, and it is impossible for my heart to be envious. 'Tis incapable of envy. I appeal to the author of *Rhadamistus*, and *Electra*, who first inspired me, by those excellent performances, with the design of entering the lists with him in the same course: his success never cost me any other tears, but those which I shed at the representation on the stage: he knows that his merit raised no passion in my breast but emulation and friendship. I will venture to assert, that I am more strongly attached to the fine arts than to my own writings; fond even to excess from my infancy of every thing that carried with it the marks of genius, I look upon a great poet, a fine musician, a good painter, and an ingenious sculptor, (if he has integrity) as a man whom I ought to love and honour, one whom the arts teach me to look upon as a brother. Those young men who apply themselves to literature, shall always meet with a friend in me: some have found a father. Such are my sentiments, and those who have ever lived with me know that I have no other: I thought I was obliged to say thus much concerning myself once in my life. With regard to my tragedy, I shall say nothing: to refute criticism is vain self-love, but to confute calumny is a duty.

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON GUZMAN, Governor of Peru.

DON ALVAREZ, { Father of Guzman, the late
Governor.

ZAMOR, Sovereign of a part of Potosi.

MONTEZUMA, Sovereign of another part.

ALZIRA, Daughter of Montezuma.

EMIRA, { Attendants on Alzira.
CEPHALE,

SPANISH Officers.

AMERICANS.

Scene, LIMA.

A L Z I R A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN:

ALVAREZ.

AT length, for so the council hath decreed,
Guzman succeeds Alvarez ; long, my son,
May'st thou preserve for heaven and for thy king
This better half of our new conquered world,
This fertile source of riches and of crimes !
Joyful to thee I yield the post of honour,
That suits but ill with feeble age like mine ;
In youth thy father trod the paths of glory ;
Alvarez first our winged castles bore
To Mexico's astonish'd sons ; he led
Spain's gallant heroes to this golden shore :
After a life spent in my country's service,
Could I have form'd these heroes into men,
Could I have made them virtuous, mild, and good,
I had

I had been amply paid for all my toils :
But who shall stop the haughty conqueror ?
Alas ! my son, their cruelties obscure
The lustre of their fame ; I weep the fate
Of the unhappy victors, rais'd by heaven
To greatness but to be supremely wicked.
O Guzman ! I am verging to the grave,
Let me but live to see thee govern here
As justice shall direct thee, and I die
With pleasure.

GUZMAN.

By thy great example fired,
With thee I fought and conquer'd for my country;
From thee must learn to rule : it is not mine
To give the wise and good Alvarez laws,
But to receive them from him.

ALVAREZ.

No ; my son,
The sovereign power can never be divided :
Worn down with years and labour, I resign
All worldly pomp ; it is enough for me
If yet my feeble voice be sometimes heard
To counsel and direct thee ; trust me, Guzman,
Men are not creatures one would wish to rule :
To that almighty Being, whom too long
I have neglected, would I consecrate
My poor remains of life ; one boon alone,

As

As friend, I ask of thee, as father claim;
To give me up those slaves who by thy order
Are here confin'd; this day, my son, should be
A day of pardon, mark'd by clemency,
And not by justice.

GUZMAN.

A request from you
Is a command; but think, my lord, I beg,
What dangers may ensue: a savage people,
But half subdu'd, and to the yoke of slavery,
Bending reluctant, ready for revolt,
Should never be familiar with their conquerors,
Or dare to look on those they should be taught
To tremble at: unarm'd with power and vengeance
They would despise us: these untutor'd Indians,
Fiery and bold, ill brook the galling rein
Of servitude, by chastisement alone
Made tame, and humble, pardon'd once, they think
You fear them; power, in short, is lost by mildness;
Severity alone ensures obedience.
The brave Castilian serves in honour's cause,
With chearful resignation, 'tis his pride,
His glory; but inferior nations court
Oppression; force and only force constrains them:
Did not the gods of these barbarians drink
The blood of men, they would not be adored.

ALVAREZ.

And can a christian, as thou art, approve
These tyrant maxims, the detested offspring
Of narrow policy? are these the means
To win the wild barbarian to our faith?
Think'st thou to rule them with an iron hand,
And serve a God of peace with war and slaughter?
Brav'd I for this the burning tropic's rage,
And all the terrors of a world unknown,
To see our country curs'd, our faith disgrac'd?
God sent us here for other purposes,
Sent us to make his holy name revered,
His sacred laws belov'd: while we, my son,
Unmindful of that faith which we profess,
The laws we teach, and all the tender ties
Of soft humanity, insatiate still
For blood and gold, instead of winning o'er
These savages by gentle means, destroy them.
All is confusion, death, and horror round us,
And nought of heaven we copy but its thunder;
Our name indeed bears terror with it; Spain
Is fear'd, but hated too: we are the scourge
Of this new world, vain, covetous, unjust;
In short, I blush to own it, we alone
Are the barbarians here: the simple savage,
Tho' fierce by nature, is in courage equal,
In goodness our superior. O my Guzman!
Had he, like us, been prodigal of blood,

Had

Had he not felt the throbs of tender pity,
Alvarez had not liv'd to speak his virtues :
Hast thou forgot that day, when by a croud
Of desperate natives I was circled in
On every side, and all my faithful band
Of followers cut off; alone I stood,
And every moment look'd for death, when, lo ;
At mention of my name, they dropp'd their arms ;
And strait a young American approach'd me,
Embrac'd my knees, and bath'd 'em with his tears ;
And " Is it you, he cry'd, is it my friend ?
" Live, good Alvarez, virtue pure as yours
" May be most useful to us ; be a father
" To us unhappy ; let your tyrant nation
" That would enslave us, learn from hence—to
pardon,

" And own a savage capable of virtue."

I see thou'rt mov'd ; O hearken to the voice
Of mild humanity, by me she speaks,
By me addresses Guzman ; O my son,
Can'st thou expect the object of thy wishes,
The fair Alzira e'er will crown thy hopes,
If thou art cruel ? think'st thou to cement
The dearest bonds of nature in the blood
Of her lov'd countrymen, or shall their groans
Be heard, and Guzman soften into mercy ?

GUZMAN.

'Tis your command, my lord, and I submit ;
 They have their freedom, but on this condition,
 For so our laws require, they must be christians :
 To quit their idols, and embrace our faith,
 Alone can save them ; we must bend by force
 Their stubborn hearts, and drag them to the altar ;
 One king must be obey'd, one God ador'd.

ALVAREZ.

Hear me, my son ; I wish, as much as Guzman,
 That truth may fix her sacred empire here,
 That neither heav'n nor Spain henceforth may find
 A foe on earth ; but know, the heart oppress'd
 Is never conquer'd : I force none, yet I
 Have conquer'd many ; the true God, my son,
 The God of christians is a God of mercy.

GUZMAN.

You've conquer'd, sir ; the father o'er his son
 Is absolute ; and you, my lord, would soften
 The hardest heart, while virtue by Alvarez
 In mildest accents pleads her powerful cause :
 O since kind heav'n to you hath lent the art
 Of soft persuasion, use it for your son ;
 On you alone depends the happiness
 Of Guzman's life : the proud Alzira scorns
 My proffer'd hand : I love her but too well,
 Heav'n knows how dearly ! but I cannot stoop
 Meanly to soothe a haughty woman's pride,
 I can-

I cannot make myself a poor tame slave
To her imperious will ; but you have power
O'er the fair tyrant's father ; talk to him
For the last time ; let him command his daughter
To take my hand, and make your Guzman happy ;
And yet it hurts my soul to think Alvarez
Should stoop so low, and be a suppliant for me.

A L V A R E Z.

Already I have spoke, and Montezuma
Hath seen his daughter ; she will soon be thine.
I've been a friend to his unhappy race,
And sooth'd the sorrows of captivity :
Already he hath quitted his false gods ;
Alzira too, a convert to our faith,
To this new world shines forth a bright example.
She only can unite the jarring nations,
And make us happy ; thy long wish'd-for nuptials.
Shall join two distant globes ; these fierce barba-
rians,
Who now detest our laws, when they shall see
The daughter of their king in Guzman's arms,
Chearful beneath thy easy yoke shall bend
Their willing hearts, and soon be all our own :
But Montezuma comes ; away, my son,
Expect me with Alzira at the altar.

S C E N E II.

ALVAREZ, MONTEZUMA.

ALVAREZ.

At length, obedient to a father's will,
Alzira yields, I hope, to thy persuasion.

MONTEZUMA.

If yet my daughter trembles at the thought
Of wedding him who has destroy'd her race,
Alvarez will forgive a woman's weakness;
For thou hast been a father to the wretched :
Thy gentle manners teach us to revere
That holy faith from whence they sprung ; by
thee
The will of heaven to this new world reveal'd,
Enlighten'd our dark minds ; what mighty Spain
Unconquer'd left, thy virtue has subdued :
Thy cruel countrymen's remorseless rage
Had render'd ev'n thy God detestable,
But that in thee his great perfections shine,
His goodness, and his mercy ; in thy heart,
We trace his image ; Montezuma's thine,
His daughter, and his house ; the good Alvarez
Shall have them all : Potosi and Peru,
With my Alzira, shall descend to Guzman :
Prepare the nuptial rites, adorn your temple,
And let your son be ready to receive her :
Methinks it is as if th' immortal beings

Had

Had deign'd to visit earth, and mix with men.

ALVAREZ.

O Montezuma, let me live to see
This blest event, and I shall die resign'd.
O God, whose gracious hand conducted us
To this new world, enlighten and preserve it;
Propitious smile on these first holy vows
Made at thy altar here! adieu, my friend,
To thee I owe my Guzman's happiness.

SCENE III.

MONTEZUMA alone.

O thou true God, whose powerful arm destroy'd
Those idle deities I once ador'd,
Watch o'er the poor remains of my sad life,
And sooth my sorrows; I have lost my all,
All but Alzira; O protect her youth,
Watch o'er her steps, and guide her tender heart!

SCENE IV.

MONTEZUMA, ALZIRA.

MONTEZUMA.

Daughter, the hour is come to make thyself
And the world happy, to command the conqueror,
And make the vanquish'd smile, restore thy country
To her lost honour, and to regal power
Rise from the bosom of adversity.

Alzira will obey, I know she will ;
Dry up thy tears, a father must not see them.

ALZIRA.

I have no will but yours ; yet, O my lord,
See my despair, and look into my soul.

MONTEZUMA.

No more of that ; thy word is pass'd, Alzira,
And I depend on't.

ALZIRA.

'Twas extorted from me ;
The cruel sacrifice : is this a time
To plight my faith, and think of nuptial joy,
This hapless day, when all I held most dear
Was ravish'd from me, when our wide-stretch'd
empire

And all her hosts, the children of the sun,
Inglorious fell beneath the cruel Guzman ?
O'twas a day mark'd by the hand of heaven
As most unfortunate.

MONTEZUMA.

Our days, Alzira,
Are happy or unhappy from ourselves,
And not from circumstance or accident,
As superstition taught our ancestors
To credit ; think no more on't.

ALZI-

ALZIRA.

On this day

My Zamor fell, our country's great avenger,
My lover, chos'n by thee, by thee, my father,
To be Alzira's husband.

MONTEZUMA.

I have paid

The debt of sorrow due to Zamor's ashes,
And hold his memory dear ; but death has cancell'd

Your mutual bonds ; therefore no longer shed
Those fruitless tears, but carry to the altar
A free and chearful heart ; thy God commands,
He calls thee to him ; if thou art a christian,
Now hear his voice.

ALZIRA.

Alas ! my lord, I know

A father's pow'r, and know my duty to him,
'Tis to obey, to fall a sacrifice
Before him ; I have pass'd the utmost bounds
Which nature e'er prescrib'd ; thy will alone
Hath been my law, nor did I ever stain
With disobedience my true faith, for thee
I left my country's gods, and am a christian :
Alas ! my father, why wouldst thou deceive me,
Why tell me, the new deity I serve
Would bring me peace, that his all-healing power

Would ease my tortur'd heart ? delusive promise !
 For, O my lord, the deadly poison still
 Lurks in my veins, still Zamor's image dwells
 In his Alzira's heart, nor time nor death
 Can e'er efface it : well I know Alvarez
 Condemns that passion which he once approv'd :
 But I will make him ample recompense
 By my obedience :—wed me to the tyrant,
 Give me to Guzman, 'tis a sacrifice
 I owe my country ; but remember, sir,
 How dreadful 'tis, and tremble at the thought
 Of such unnatural, such detested bonds,
 Thou who condemn'st me to these fatal nuptials,
 Who bid'st Alzira give her hand to Guzman,
 And at the altar promise him a heart
 Which is not hers to give.

MONTEZUMA.

What says my child ?

O in the name of every tender tie
 That binds thee to me, spare a wretched father !
 Pity my age, and do not, by the woes
 Which thou alone, Alzira, can'st remove,
 Let me intreat thee, O embitter not
 The sad remainder of Alvarez's life !
 Have I not ever strove to make thee happy,
 And wilt thou not return it ? O my daughter,
 Let virtue guide thy steps in duty's path,
 And lead thee on to bliss ! thy country calls,

Wilt

Wilt thou betray her ? learn henceforth, Alzira,
To be the mistress of thyself.

ALZIRA.

And must I
Learn to dissemble then ? ungrateful task !

SCENE V.

GUZMAN, ALZIRA.

GUZMAN.

These long delays, Alzira, are unkind,
And, let me add, ungenerous, to the man
Who lives but to oblige you : for your sake
I stopp'd the hand of justice ; all those captives,
Whose pardon you solicited, are free :
But I should blush to think that Guzman ow'd
Your kind compliance to so poor a service ;
'Tis on yourself, and your consenting heart,
He founds his hopes, nor thought I e'er till now
My happiness could make Alzira wretched.

ALZIRA.

Wretched indeed ! O grant, kind heaven, this day
May not prove fatal to us both ; thou see'st
I am abash'd, confounded, left a prey
To horror and despair : do not these eyes
Alone betray the anguish of a mind
Oppress'd with grief ? canst thou not read it there ?
I know thou canst ; such is my nature, Guzman ;

K 6

Ne'er

Ne'er did Alzira's face bely her heart :
 Diffimulation and disguise, my lord,
 Are European arts, which I abhor.

G U Z M A N.

I love thy frankness, but lament the cause ;
 Zamor is still belov'd, his memory lives
 Within thy breast, my rival even in death :
 This is too much, Alzira ; duty, honour,
 Virtue forbid it : weep no more, it wounds
 My heart, and I am jealous of thy tears.

A L Z I R A.

Jealous of him, my lord, who in the grave
 Is mouldering now, my lov'd, lamented Zamor ?
 For I confess I lov'd him, we were bound
 By mutual vows, and still I weep his fate :
 If thou'rt a friend to constancy and truth,
 Thou wilt not blame my passion, but approve it.
 By this, and this alone, may Guzman gain
 Alzira's heart.

S C E N E VI.

G U Z M A N alone.

Her pride astonishes,
 And yet I know not how her freedom charms me,
 There is a savage beauty in her heart
 That suits the wildness of her native clime ;
 But softer manners may subdue her mind,

And

And bind her stubborn fierceness to the yoke
Of duty ; Guzman now is lord of all,
And nought remains unconquer'd but Alzira :
Resolv'd by force or art to make her mine,
Our hands, if not our hearts, shall be united.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

ZAMOR, Americans.

MY noble friends, and fellow-sufferers,
Whom dangers strengthen, and misfor-
tunes make

But more illustrious, shall we ne'er obtain
Or sweet revenge, or honourable death ?
Still must we live unable, or to serve
Alzira, or our country ; shall we ne'er
Find out the hated Guzman, and destroy
That fell destroyer ? O my country's gods,
Powerless and vain, ye gave up this fair land
Of liberty to hostile deities ;
And tamely suffer'd a few wandering Spaniards
To spoil your altars, lay your temples waste,
And desolate our empire ; I have lost

A king-

A kingdom and Alzira ; all is gone
 But shame, and sorrow, and resentment, those
 I carried with me to the burning sands
 And gloomy desarts ; there I cherish'd long
 The secret hopes of vengeance : you, my friends,
 Reviv'd your drooping Zamor, and inspir'd
 His soul with flattering thoughts of better days :
 Deep in the forest's shade we left a band
 Of chosen spirits, resolute and bold,
 And hither came, impatient to observe
 The walls uprais'd by our tremendous foe,
 They watch'd, and seiz'd us : in a dungeon long
 Confin'd, at length our tyrant masters grant us
 Leave to walk forth, and breathe the wholesome
 air,

Yet will not deign to let us know our fate :
 Can none inform me where we are, who dwells
 Within this seat of sorrow ? where's Alzira,
 Where's Montezuma, lives he, is he free,
 Or a vile slave like Zamor ? say, my friends,
 And partners in affliction, know ye not ?

An American.

Like you, my lord, in chains, and hither led
 By secret paths, we're ignorant of all :
 Great cacique, worthy of a better fate,
 If 'tis decreed that thou must fall, at least

Thou

Thou shalt find friends prepar'd to perish with
thee,

And own them not unworthy of their master.

ZAMOR.

After a glorious victory, my friends,
A glorious death is most to be desir'd ;
But O ! to die in vile obscurity,
To perish thus in ignominious bondage,
To leave our bleeding country thus enslaved,
By European robbers, these assassins
Whose thirst for blood and gold, these proud
usurpers,

Who would extort by every cruel art
Of punishment those riches which we hold
More cheap, more worthless than themselves, to
leave

My lov'd Alzira, Zamor's dearer half,
To their licentious fury, O my friends,
'Tis worse than death : I tremble at the thought.

S C E N E II.

ALVAREZ, ZAMOR, Americans.

ALVAREZ.

Live, and be free.

ZAMOR.

Good heav'n, what do I hear ?

O unexpected sound ! what God art thou.

In

In human shape ? a Spaniard, and forgive !
It cannot be : art thou the ruler here ?

ALVAREZ.

No, captive ; I am only the protector
Of innocence oppress'd.

ZAMOR.

Thou good old man,
What is thy office here ?

ALVAREZ.

To aid the wretched.

ZAMOR.

What could inspire you with a thought so noble ?

ALVAREZ.

My gratitude, religion, and my God.

ZAMOR.

God and religion ! what ! these cruel tyrants,
These ruffians, that still bath'd in human blood
Dispeople earth, and change the smiling face
Of nature to a dreary desert, they
Who worship avarice alone ! their God
Cannot be thine !

ALVAREZ.

It is the same, my son,
But they offend him, they disgrace his name
And are indeed more guilty ; they abuse
Their new-got pow'r : thou know'st their crime,
but know.

My

My duty too : twice hath the travelling sun
Enlighten'd in his course our world and yours
Since a brave Indian, who he was I know not,
Stepp'd from amidst his fellow-savages,
And sav'd me from their fury ; from that moment
I felt your sorrows, pitied your misfortunes,
And held you as my brethren and my friends ;
Could I but meet my kind deliverer,
That gallant stranger, I should die in peace.

Z A M O R.

His age, his features, his transcendent virtue,
All, all conspire to say it is Alvarez :
Behold, and mark us well, canst thou distinguish
The hand that sav'd thee ?

A L V A R E Z.

Gracious heav'n ! come near,
O Providence ! it is, it must be he,
The wish'd-for object of my gratitude ;
He whom these eyes, grown dim with age, have
fought
So long in vain ; my son, my benefactor,
What shall I do to serve thee ? thou shalt live
With old Alvarez ; he shall be thy father,
Thy guardian and protector here : kind heaven
In gracious pity hath prolong'd my days,
That I might pay the debt I owe to thee.

Z A M O R.

ZAMOR.

O if thy barbarous nation had possess'd
 But half the virtues that adorn Alvarez,
 Our willing world had bow'd submissive down
 Before them ; but their souls are not like thine,
 For they delight in blood, while nature's self
 Abhorring shudders at their cruelty ;
 Death were more welcome far than life with them :
 Urge me not therefore, good Alvarez, all
 I wish to know is this, have they destroy'd
 My noble friend, the wretched Montezuma,
 Where's my Alzira's father ? O my lord,
 Forgive these tears, the memory of past griefs
 Sits heavy on me.

ALVAREZ.

Let them flow, my son,
 'Tis the best mark of our humanity :
 The heart that feels not for another's woe
 Is fit for every crime : thy friend survives,
 And full of years and honours lives with us
 In happiness and peace.

ZAMOR.

Might I behold him ?

ALVAREZ.

Yes ; thou shalt see him soon : may his persuasion
 Induce thee to think better of us all,
 And follow his example !

ZAMOR.

ZAMOR.

Can he live

With christians? Montezuma live with christians?

ALVAREZ.

Have patience, son, and he shall tell thee all,
Touching our union, and the sacred bonds
That soon shall bind in cords of amity
Our world to thine—but I must to my son,
And let him know my happiness; I leave thee
But for a moment; fare thee well.

S C E N E III.

ZAMOR, Americans

At last

Heaven seems to smile on Zamor; I have found
Among these vile barbarians one just man,
Honest and true: Alvarez is a god,
Sent down from heaven to soften this rude world,
And bless mankind: he said he had a son,
That son shall be my brother and my friend,
If he is worthy of his noble father:
O glorious hope! shall I again behold
Great Montezuma after three long years?
Alzira too, my dear, my lov'd Alzira,
Shall I embrace thee, hast thou kept thy faith,
That first of virtues, to reward thy Zamor?
The heart oppress'd is ever diffident:

An-

Another old man comes this way : my soul
Is still perplex'd.

S C E N E IV.

MONTEZUMA, ZAMOR, Americans.

ZAMOR.

O noble Montezuma,
Do I once more embrace thee ? see thy Zamor
Snatch'd from the jaws of death ; he lives to save
And to defend his prince : behold thy friend,
Thy soldier, and thy son : O where's Alzira ?
Be quick, and tell me, let me know her fate,
My life depends on that.

MONTEZUMA.

Unhappy cacique,
With grief sincere we have lamented thee !
Thy fellow-soldiers to thy memory rais'd
The decent tomb, and every honour paid
Due to thy virtues : but, thank heaven ! thou
 livest,
Henceforth may happier days await thee, Zamor !
But say, why cam'st thou hither ?

ZAMOR.

To revenge
My gods, myself, my father, and Alzira.

MONTEZUMA.

What say'st thou ?

ZAMOR.

ZAMRO.

Call to mind that dreadful day
When the fierce Spaniard, terrible in arms,
Rush'd through our powerless hosts, o'erthrew our
bulwarks,
And laid our empire waste; his name was Guzman :

That name, thou well rememberest, was the signal
Given for destruction; at that name they snatch'd
The sweet Alzira, thy lov'd daughter, from me,
And bore her to captivity with thee
And all thy race; destroy'd the holy altar,
Where I had hoped to make Alzira mine,
Then dragg'd me to the tyrant: shall I tell thee
What cruel torments that insatiate monster
Inflicted on me, to extort confession
Of hidden gold, the christian's deity,
Which we despise and trample on; half dead
They left me and retir'd: time, Montezuma,
Can never bury injuries like mine;
Thou see'st me here, prepar'd for great revenge:
Some chosen friends, attach'd to Zamor's cause,
By equal wrongs provok'd, with equal hate
Inspir'd, await me in the neighbouring forest,
Resolv'd with me to conquer or to die.

MONTEZUMA.

O Zamor, whither would thy headlong passion

Transport thee ? wherefore wouldst thou thus pursue

That death which seems so willing to avoid thee ?

What can thy friends do for thee ? their weak arms,

Their fish-bone spears, their sabres made of stone,

Their soldiers naked, and ill-disciplined,

Against these giants arm'd with mortal steel,

And launching their dead thunder-bolts against thee ?

Swift as the winds, their fiery couriers bear them

To certain victory ; the world is theirs,

And we, my Zamor, must submit.

ZAMOR.

While life

Shall animate these veins, I never will :

No, Montezuma : their destructive thunder,

Their coats of steel, their fiery couriers taught

Like them to fight, and share their master's glory ;

This might affright, and terrify a while

Our gaping savages, but I behold

This pompous scene unruffled : to subdue

Our haughty foe one thing alone's requir'd,

And that is, not to fear them ; novelty,

That conquers cowards, only has enslaved us :

Gold, that pernicious native of our soil,

Draws Europe hither, but defends us not

Against her ; niggard nature has deny'd us

A nobler

A nobler metal, her all-conquering steel,
And given it to barbarians ; but kind heaven,
In lieu of this indulgence, hath bestowed
Virtues on us which Europe never knew :
I come to fight and conquer for Alzira.

MONTEZUMA.

Urge it no more, my Zamor, heaven declares
Against us, calm thy rage ; the times are chang'd.

ZAMOR.

Chang'd, didst thou say, my lord ? it cannot be,
If Montezuma's heart is still the same,
If my Alzira's faithful, if I live
Still in her memory.—thou turn'st aside
And weep'st.

MONTEZUMA.

Unhappy Zamor !

ZAMOR.

Am I not

Thy son, our tyrants have not alter'd thee ?
They cannot, sure they cannot have corrupted
An old man's heart, and made it false as theirs ?

MONTEZUMA.

I am not guilty, Zamor, nor are all
These conquerors tyrants ; some were sent by
heaven

To guide our footsteps in the paths of truth,
To teach us arts unknown, immortal secrets,

The

The knowledge of mankind, the arts, my son,
To speak, to think, to live, and to be happy.

ZAMOR.

O horrid ! canst thou praise these ruffians, while
Thy daughter, thy Alzira, is their slave :

MONTEZUMA.

Zamor, Alzira's free.

ZAMOR.

Ha ! Montezuma,
Alzira free ? forgive me, but remember,
She's mine, my lord, by every solemn tie ;
You promis'd me, before the gods you promis'd,
To give her to me ; they receiv'd our vows ;
She is not perjur'd ?

MONTEZUMA.

Call not on those gods,
For they are vain, and fancied idols all ;
I have abjur'd them, and henceforth must worship
That power supreme which hath subdued them.

ZAMOR.

Ha !

The law of thy forefathers, thy religion,
Is that deserted ?

MONTEZUMA.

I have found its weakness,
And left its vain chimeras : may the God
Of gods convert thee, and inspire with truth
Thy

Thy unenlighten'd soul ! unhappy Zamor,
Soon may'st thou know that Europe thou condemnest,
Her virtues, and her faith !

ZAMOR.

What mighty virtues
Has she to boast ? thou art indeed a slave
If thou hast lost thy gods, thy faith, thy honour,
And broke thy sacred word : Alzira too,
Has she betray'd me ? O take heed !

MONTEZUMA.

My heart
Reproaches me for nothing : fare thee well !
I bless my own good fate, and weep for thine.

ZAMOR.

If thou art false, thou'st cause to weep indeed :
Pity the torments which I feel for thee,
And for thy guilt ; pity a heart distracted
By love and vengeance ; let me find out Guzman,
Let me behold Alzira, let me fall
Beneath her feet : O do not hide her from me :
Conduct me, urge me not thus to despair,
Put on a human heart, let thy lost virtue——

S C E N E V.

MONTEZUMA, ZAMOR, Guards,

Guard. [To Montezuma.

The ceremony waits, my lord.

MONTEZUMA.

I come.

ZAMOR.

Thou wilt not leave me ? tell me, Montezuma,
What ceremony's this ?

MONTEZUMA.

No more : away,
And leave this fatal place.

ZAMOR.

Though heaven itself
Forbade me, I would follow thee.

MONTEZUMA.

Forgive

My rude denial, Zamor, but you must not,
I say you must not—guards, prevent him—pagans
Must not profane our christian altars ; I
Command not here, but Guzman speaks by me ;
You must obey : farewell.

7
S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

ZAMOR, Americans.

ZAMOR.

What do I hear ?

Guzman ! O shameful treason ! Montezuma
 The slave of Guzman ! where is virtue fled ?
 Alzira too, is my Alzira guilty ?
 Has she too drank corruption's poisonous bowl
 From these vile christians ?—that destroyer Guz-
 man

Rules here, it seems ; what's to be done ?

First American.

Permit me

To counsel you, my lord ; the good old man
 Who sav'd you with his son will soon return,
 He can deny you nothing ; ask of him
 Safe conduct to the city gates ; that done,
 We may return and join our noble friends
 Against the foe : I doubt not of success :
 We will not spare a man of them except
 Alvarez, and his son : I've mark'd, my lord,
 With most observant eye, their fosses, ramparts,
 And brazen thunders, European arts
 That fright not me : alas ! our countrymen
 Forge their own shameful chains, and tamely bend
 Beneath these sons of pride ; but soon, my lord,

L 2

When

When they shall see their great avenger here,
Then will they rise indignant, and destroy
This ignominious work of slavery :
Yes ; on the bleeding bodies of our foes
We'll make a path to glory ; on the heads
Of these vile christians turn the fiery tempest,
And with their own destructive instruments
Of murder shake this all-usurping power,
Founded by pride on ignorance and fear.

ZAMOR.

O how I joy, ye great unfortunate,
To find your kindred breasts thus nobly beat
With sympathetic fury ! let us punish
The haughty Guzman, let his blood atone
For our lost country's : O thou deity
Of injur'd mortals, sweet revenge, O come,
Assist thy servants, let but Guzman perish
And we are satisfied ! but O my friends
We talk of vengeance, yet are captives still,
Still groan beneath the yoke of shameful bondage :
Deserted by Alvarez, and betrayed
By Montezuma, all I love perhaps
Is in the power of him whom most I hate ;
The only comfort left me is—to doubt.
But hark ! what noise is that ? the torches flame
On every side, and yields a double day :
This barbarous people's brazen thunder speaks

Some horrid rites, or pompous sacrifice
Preparing; look around, and see if Zamor
Shall save his much-lov'd friends, or perish with
them.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

ALZIRA alone.

YE manes of my dear departed Zamor,
Forgive me, O forgive the wife of Guzman!
The holy altar hath received our vows,
And they are seal'd in heaven: pursue me not,
Indignant shade! O if Alzira's tears,
Her bitter anguish, her remorse, the pangs
Of her reluctant soul, can reach the dead,
If in a happier world thou still retainest
Thy generous noble spirit, thou wilt pardon
My weakness; 'twas a father's cruel will,
A people's happiness required it of me;
Could I refuse the dreadful sacrifice?
Thou art at peace, my Zamor, do not thus
Distract my soul, but leave me to my fate;
Alas! already it has cost me dear.

L 3;

SCENE

S C E N E II.

A L Z I R A, E M I R A.

And shall I not behold my countrymen,
 The lov'd companions of my infant years,
 Those wretched captives, may I not enjoy
 The mournful privilege to mix with theirs
 My friendly tears, and mourn their cruel fate?

E M I R A.

O madam, we have cause indeed to weep,
 To dread the wrath of Guzman, to lament
 And tremble for our country; for the hour
 Of slaughter and destruction is at hand:
 Again I saw the bloody flag display'd,
 The proud tribunal's met, and Montezuma
 Is summoned to appear: all dreadful omens!
 What will become of us?

A L Z I R A.

Unpitying heaven!

I've been deceiv'd, betray'd:—cruel, O Guzman!
 Was it for this I gave him at the altar
 My long reluctant hand? that fatal bond
 I shall repent of to my latest hour:
 O under what malignant star, my father,
 Mad'st thou these cruel, these detested nuptials?

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

ALZIRA, EMIRA, CEPHANES.

CEPHANES.

One of those slaves, whom this propitious day
Restor'd to freedom, begs admittance to you
In secret.

ALZIRA.

Let him enter ; 'twill rejoice
My heart to see him ; he and all his friends
Are welcome to Alzira : but why comes he
Alone ?

CEPHANES.

Some secret labours in his breast,
Which you and only you, he says, must know.
Twas he, it seems, whose heaven-directed arm
Sav'd the good father of thy valiant lord,
The noble Guzman.

EMIRA.

He has fought you long ;
But Montezuma's private orders were,
He should not see you : melancholy sits
On his dark brow, as if he were intent
On some great purpose.

CEPHANES.

Grief and anguish seem
To rack his soul : at mention of your name

He sigh'd, and wept, as if yet ignorant
Of your new honours and the rank you bear.

ALZIRA.

Unworthy rank, and honours I despise !
Perhaps the hero knows my wretched race,
And is no stranger to Alzira's woes :
Perhaps he knew my Zamor ; who can tell
But he might be a witness of his death,
And comes to tell the melancholy tale ?
A dreadful duty ! that would but renew
A lover's pangs, and double my distress ;
But let him come : I know not why my heart
Should flutter thus ; this hateful palace ever
Hath been a scene of sad disquietude
And trouble to me : bid him enter.

S C E N E IV.

ALZIRA, ZAMOR, EMIRA.

ZAMOR,

Yes ;

It is Alzira : is she then restored ?

ALZIRA.

Such were his features, voice, and motion : heaven !

It cannot be : O Zamor !—O support me.

[She faints.

ZAMOR.

'Tis he.

ALZIRA.

A L Z I R A.

Ha ! Zamor at Alzira's feet ?

'Tis all delusion.

Z A M O R.

No ; I live for thee,

And at thy feet reclaim thy plighted faith ;

O my Alzira, idol of my soul,

Wilt thou not hear me ? where are all thy vows,

The sacred ties that bound us fast together ;

Thou hast not broke them ?

A L Z I R A.

Thou dear fatal object !

Of grief and joy, of rapture and despair,

In what a dreadful moment hast thou chose

To meet Alzira ? every word thou utterest

But plunges a new dagger in my heart.

Z A M O R.

Thou weep'st, yet look'st on Zamor !

A L Z I R A.

'Tis too late !

Z A M O R.

I know you thought me dead ; e'er since that hour

Of terror, when those European tyrants

Depriv'd me of my gods, my throne, and thee,

I've been a poor unhappy wanderer.

Know'st thou, my love, that savage murderer,
 Guzman,
 With ignominious stripes, and cruel torture,
 Insulted me ; the husband of thy choice,
 Thy once lov'd happy Zamor, fell a prey
 To ruffians :—how it wounds thy tender heart !
 Thou burn'st with fierce resentment of my wrongs,
 And thou wilt join with Zamor to revenge them :
 Some guardian god, propitious to our loves,
 Sav'd me from death, that we might meet again
 In happiness : I hope Alzira's true :
 Thou hast not left thy gods, betrayed thy country,
 Thou art not grown a false, perfidious Spaniard ?
 They tell me I shall meet with Guzman here,
 I come to free thee from that proud barbarian :
 Thou lov'st me, my Alzira, and wilt give
 The victim to my wrath.

A L Z I R A.

Thou hast been wrong'd ;
 Revenge thyself, and see thy victim—here.

Z A M O R.

What say'st thou ?—ha ! thy faith, thy vows—

A L Z I R A.

No more,
 But strike—I merit not, or life, or thee.

Z A M O R.

O cruel Montezuma ! what thou told'st me
 Was but too true.

A L-

ALZIRA.

And could he tell thee all ;
 Nam'd he the wretch for whom I quitted Zamor ?

ZAMOR.

He did not, durst not name him ; that remains
 For thee : O speak it : I shall be surpriz'd
 At nothing.

ALZIRA.

Hear then all my guilt.

ZAMOR.

Alzira !

ALZIRA.

That Guzman —

ZAMOR.

Gracious heaven !

ALZIRA.

Thy murderer,
 Within this hour receiv'd my guilty hand ;
 He is — my husband.

ZAMOR.

Guzman !

ALZIRA.

Montezuma,

Alvarez—they betray'd my easy youth,
 And urg'd me to the deed : the lost Alzira
 Did at the christian altar give up all
 That she held dear on earth, her gods, her country,

L 6

Her—

Her—Zamor : O by those dear injur'd names
I beg thee, take this hated life.

ZAMOR.

Alzira,

Can it be true ? is Guzman then thy husband ?

ALZIRA.

To plead a father's undisputed right,
To say how long I struggled with my duty,
To number o'er the fruitless tears I shed
For three long years lamenting Zamor's death,
That still I lov'd thee, that I left in wrath
Those powerless gods that had deserted thee,
And from despair alone became a christian,
Perhaps might mitigate Alzira's crime ;
But I disdain it, I acknowledge all,
Confess my guilt, and sue for punishment.
Who shall absolve the wretch whom love con-
demns ?

Take then a life that is not worth my care
Without thee ; dost thou not abhor me, Zamor ?

ZAMOR.

No : if thou lov'st me still, thou art not guilty :
May I yet hope that Zamor has a place
In his Alzira's heart ?

ALZIRA.

When old Alvarez
And Montezuma led me to the altar

I thought

I thought on Zamor, thought him then no more,
 But reverenc'd, but ador'd his memory :
 Our tyrants, our usurpers know I lov'd thee ;
 I told 'em all, told heaven and earth, nay told
 My husband—and O take this last farewell,
 I love thee still.

ZAMOR.

Is this then our last hour
 Of happiness, and must we part so soon,
 So lately met ? O if the voice of love——

ALZIRA.

'Tis Guzman and his father.

S C E N E V.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN, ZAMOR, ALZIRA,

Attendants.

ALVAREZ. [To Guzman.

Son, behold

With thy Alzira stands my great preserver,

My benefactor, my deliverer. [To Zamor.

O noble youth, to thee I owe my life,

Let me embrace thee, be my second son,

And share the pleasures of this happy day

With Guzman and Alvarez.

ZAMOR.

He thy son ;

Is Guzman then thy son, that proud barbarian ?

ALZIRA.

ALZIRA.

Avert the terrors of this dreadful moment,
Indulgent heaven !

ALVAREZ.

In what astonishment——

ZAMOR.

How could a father, brave and good, like thee
Be curs'd with such a son ?

GUZMAN.

Insulting slave,
Who gave thee licence thus to spurn thy master ?
Thou know'st not who I am.

ZAMOR.

I know thee well ;
And thou among the wretches thou hast made
Perhaps may'st one day meet the injur'd Zamor.

GUZMAN.

And art thou he ?

ALVAREZ.

Ha ! Zamor !

ZAMOR.

'Tis the same ;
'Tis Zamor, whom thy cruel hand oppress'd
With ignominious tortures ; he whose eye
Thou dar'st not meet ; thou tyrant ravisher,
Com'st thou at last to rob me of my best

And

And dearest treasure ? with thy ruthless sword
Make sure thy vengeance, and prevent the fate
Which thou deserv'st, ere Zamor, who preserv'd
The father, shall chastise the guilty son.

ALVAREZ. [To Guzman.
What say'st thou, Guzman, can'st thou answer
this ?

GUZMAN.
It were beneath me ; punishment alone
Should answer insolence, and, but for thee,
Ere this he should have met with it.

[Turning to Alzira.
You, madam,
For your own honour might have more regard,
If not for mine, than thus to parley with
A traitor : come, no more of this, Alzira,
Thy tears offend me : husbands may be jealous ;
Remember that, and tremble.

ALZIRA. [To Guzman.
Cruel Guzman !
My kind protector, [Turning to Alvarez.

Good Alvarez, hear me :
And thou, [To Zamor,
In better days my dearest hope,
O look with pity on the lost Alzira !

[Pointing to Zamor.
Behold

Behold the husband whom my father chose,
 Long ere this hapless country bowed the neck
 To European tyrants, Zamor fell,
 So fame reported, and with him Peru,
 Then first subdued: my wretched father, old
 And full of sorrows, to the christian's God,
 Forsaken by his own, indignant fled;
 The christian altar saw Alzira's hand
 Giv'n to her lover's murderer: thy new faith,
 Which yet I know not, may condemn Alzira,
 But virtue will forgive me when I add,
 That still I love thee, Zamor; but my oath,
 My marriage vow, rash fatal marriage! says
 I never must be thine—nor can I now
 Be Guzman's—false to both, ye both have cause
 To hate me: which of you will kindly end
 My wretched being? Guzman's hand, already
 Stain'd with the blood of my unhappy race,
 Were fittest to revenge the injur'd rights
 Of honour and of love; be just for once,
 And strike the guilty.

GUZMAN.

Dar'st thou thus abuse
 The goodness thou deserv'st not? but remember,
 'Twas thy request; thy punishment is ready:
 My rival dies;—away with him.

ALVAREZ.

ALVAREZ.

Inhuman !
O stop, my son, consider what is due
To him who sav'd thy father—ye are both
My children—let that tender name inspire
Your breasts with pity for an aged father :
At least——

S C E N E VI.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN, ALZIRA, ZAMOR,
Don ALONZO, a Spanish officer.

ALONZO.

My lord, the foe is at our gates ;
On every side their brazen bucklers ring
With barbarous dissonance : aloud they cry,
Revenge, and Zamor, while with measured steps,
Solemn and slow, the close-wedg'd phalanx moves,
As if these savages had learn'd from us
The arts by which we conquer'd them.

GUZMAN.

Away :

Let us be gone ; my presence soon shall teach
These slaves their duty—heroes of Castile,
Ye sons of victory, this new world was made
To wear your chains, to fear, and to obey you.

ZAMORA.

A L Z I R A.

ZAMOR.

To fear and to obey ? 'tis false, proud Guzman ;
Ye are but mortals, like ourselves, no more.

GUZMAN.

Guards, drag him hence.

ZAMOR.

[To the Spaniards surrounding him.

Ye dare not : are ye gods,
And must we worship deities thus bath'd
In our own blood ?

GUZMAN.

Obey me, slaves.

ALZIRA.

My lord !

ALVAREZ.

Remember, son, that Zamor sav'd thy father.

GUZMAN.

My lord, I shall remember your instructions,
You taught me how to conquer, and I fly
Once more to victory : farewell.

S C E N E VII.

ALVAREZ, ALZIRA.

ALZIRA.

[kneeling.

My lord,

Behold me at your feet, accept the homage

Due

Due to thy virtues ! Guzman's injured honour
Calls for revenge, Alzira was to blame ;
But I was bound to Zamor by the ties
Of sacred love, long ere I knew thy son ;
We cannot give our hearts a second time :
Zamor had mine, and ever must preserve it :
O he is good and virtuous, for he sav'd
Thy life, Alvarez—O forgive me !

A L V A R E Z.

Rise

Alzira, I forgive and pity thee ;
Feel as a father and a friend thy sorrows,
Lament thy Zamor's fate, and will protect him :
But let the solemn vow thou mad'st to Guzman
Be grav'd within thy heart ; thou art no longer
The mistress of thyself : remember well
Thou art my daughter—Guzman was most cruel,
I know he was, but still he is—thy husband :
Perhaps he may relent ; heaven grant he may !

A L Z I R A.

Alas ! why art not thou my Zamor's father ?

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN.

ALVAREZ.

Fortune, my son, has crown'd thee with success,

Endeavour to deserve it ; do not stain

The laurel wreath with blood, but let fair mercy,

That adds new lustre to the conqueror's glory,

Inspire thy breast with pity ; be a man,

A christian, and forgive : Alvarez asks thee

To pardon Zamor ; shall a father plead

In vain ? O Guzman, shall I never soften

Thy savage manners, never teach my son

To conquer hearts ?

GUZMAN.

Alvarez has pierced mine

Most deeply ; ask my life, and it is yours,

But leave my honour, leave me my revenge ;

How can I pardon Zamor, when I know

Alzira loves him ?

ALVAREZ.

Therefore he deserves

Thy pity more.

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

O to be pitied thus,
And thus belov'd, Guzman would die with pleasure.

ALVAREZ.

With all that fierce resentment, feelest thou too
The pangs of jealousy?

GUZMAN.

And canst thou blame
An injur'd husband? I have too much cause
For jealousy, and yet thou pitiest not
Unhappy Guzman.

ALVAREZ.

Thou art wild, impetuous,
And bitter in thy wrath; Alzira's virtues
Deserve a milder treatment; when oppos'd,
Her open heart, rough as her native soil,
Resists with stubborn firmness, but would yield
To soft persuasion; gentle means, my son,
Are ever the most powerful.

GUZMAN.

Must I soothe
The pride of beauty, wear a brow serene,
And cover my resentment, to expose
My easy heart to new indignities?
I should have thought that jealous of my honour
You would approve, and not condemn my rage:
Is

Is it not shame enough that I am wedded
 To a proud slave, who hates me, braves my power,
 And owns her heart is given to another ?
 Whom yet, to make me more accurs'd, I love.

ALVAREZ.

Why blush at that ? it is a lawful passion ;
 Indulge, but keep it within proper bounds,
 For all excess is guilty—only promise
 You will determine nothing till I've seen her
 Once more.

GUZMAN.

A father's will must be obeyed ;
 I will suspend my wrath, but urge me, sir,
 No further.

ALVAREZ.

All I want is time : farewell.

[Exit.

GUZMAN alone.

And have I liv'd to envy Zamor's fate,
 To envy a vile slave, who scarce deserves
 The name of man !—What do I see ? Alzira !

SCENE II.

GUZMAN, ALZIRA, EMIRA.

ALZIRA.

'Tis I, my lord, 'tis the afflicted wife
 Of Guzman ; she who honours, who reveres,
 And

And yet has injur'd thee : I come, my lord,
To throw me at your feet, to own my crime,
And beg forgiveness : nought have I disguis'd,
My open heart confess'd its fatal passion
For the unhappy Zamor ; if he dies,
He dies because Alzira was sincere ;
But I shall more astonish thee, I come
To plead for him : I know that Guzman's proud,
Resentful, and severe, and yet I hope
He may be generous, 'tis a conqueror's pride,
His glory to forgive : an act like this
Would gain thee more than conquest can bestow,
Win every heart, perhaps ev'n change Alzira's.
A fawning Spaniard might have promis'd more,
Have sigh'd, and wept, and soften'd thee with tears,
Which I disdain ; the hand of nature formed
My plain untutor'd heart, if ought can move it,
'Tis generosity : let Guzman try
If it is made of penetrable mould.

G U Z M A N.

If you're so fond of virtue, 'twould become you
To know and practise it, to study, madam,
Those manners you condemn, to learn your duty,
To treat yourself, your honour, and your fame
With more respect ; nor dare to name a rival
Whom I abhor, but wait in humble silence
Till I determine what shall be his fate ;
It is enough if I forgive Alzira :

This

'This heart is not insensible ; but know,
'Those who believe shall always find me cruel.

S C E N E III.

A L Z I R A, E M I R A.

E M I R A.

'He loves you still, and yet may be persuaded.

A L Z I R A.

'Ay, but he's jealous, that destroys my Zamor,
'I lost his life by asking it ; but say,
'Emira, can'st thou save him ? shall he live,
'Tho' far from his Alzira ? didst thou try
'That soldier ?

E M I R A.

Yes ; the grand corrupter, gold,
Has bought him to our interest ; he is ready.

A L Z I R A.

'Thank heaven, that metal does not always prove
'The instrument of ill : but haste, Emira.

E M I R A.

Is Zamor then devoted to destruction ?
'Cannot Alvarez save him ? have the council—

A L Z I R A.

I have a thousand fears for him : alas !
'The tyrants think the world was made for them,
'That they were born the sovereigns of mankind,
That

That Zamor is a rebel and a slave :
Barbarians as they are—this cruel council—
But I'll prevent their murderous purposes :
That soldier, my Emira, how he lingers !

EMIRA.

Be not alarm'd ; night's friendly shade protects
him,
And he will soon be here with Zamor ; sleep
Hath clos'd the tyrant's eyes, and we are safe.

ALZIRA.

O let him lead me to the prison gate,
That I may set him free.

EMIRA.

Behold, he comes :

But should ye be discover'd, foul dishonour,
Disgrace, and infamy—

ALZIRA.

Attend on her

Who would betray the man she loves ; this shame
Thou talk'st of is an European phantom,
Which fools mistake for virtue ! 'tis the love
Of glory, not of justice ; not the fear
Of vice, but of reproach ; a shame unknown
In these untutor'd climes, where honour shines
In its own native light, and scorns the aid
Of such false lustre ; honour bids me save
A lover and a hero thus deserted.

S C E N E IV.

ALZIRA, ZAMOR, EMIRA, a Soldier.

ALZIRA.

O Zamor, all is lost, thy punishment
Already is prepared, and thou art doomed
To instant death ; lose not a moment's time,
But haste away, this soldier will conduct thee :
Alas ! thou seest my grief and my despair,
O save my husband from the guilt of murder,
Save thy dear self, and leave me to my fate.

ZAMOR.

Thou bidst me live, I must obey Alzira :
But wilt thou follow the poor friendless Zamor ?
A desert and this heart are all I now
Have left to offer ; once I had a throne.

ALZIRA.

What were a throne and empire without thee ?
Alas ! my Zamor, to the gloomy desert
My soul shall follow thee ; but I am doom'd
To wander here alone, to drag a life
Of bitterness and woe, to spend my hours
In sad reflections on my wretched state,
To be another's, and yet burn for thee :
I bid farewell to Zamor and to joy ;
Away, and leave me to my duty ; fain
Would I preserve my honour, and my love,
They both are sacred.

ZAMOR.

ZAMOR.

What's this idol honour,
This European phantom, that deludes thee;
This christian altar, those detested oaths
Extorted from thee, this triumphant God;
What have they done to rob me of Alzira?

ALZIRA.

My sacred promise—

ZAMOR.

'Twas a guilty vow,
And binds thee not; perdition on thy oaths,
And thy false God, whom I abhor! farewell!

ALZIRA.

O stop, my Zamor.

ZAMOR.

Guzman is thy husband.

ALZIRA.

Do not upbraid, but pity me.

ZAMOR.

O think

On our past loves.

ALZIRA.

I think but on thy danger.

ZAMOR.

Thou hast betray'd me.

M 2

ALZIRA.

ALZIRA.

No ; I love thee still :

If 'tis a crime, I own, nay glory in it ;

But hence, and leave me here to die alone ;

Some dreadful purpose labours in thy breast :

How thy eyes roll ! O Zamor—

ZAMOR.

'Tis resolved.

ALZIRA.

Where art thou going ?

ZAMOR.

Glorious liberty,

I'll use thee nobly.

ALZIRA.

If thou dy'st, remember

I perish with thee.

ZAMOR.

In this hour of terror

Thou talk'st to me of love : but time is precious ;

Conduct me, soldier : fare thee well.

S C E N E V.

ALZIRA.

He's gone ;

But where I know not : dreadful moment ! Guzman,

For thee I quitted Zamor : haste, Emira,

Follow

Follow him, fly, return, and tell me all.

Thinkst thou that soldier will be faithful to us?

[Exit Emira.]

I know not why, but something tells me here,

This day, for me, will be a day of horror.

O God of christians, thou all conquering power,

Whom yet I know not, O remove the cloud

From my dark mind ; if by my fatal passion

I have offended thee, pour all thy vengeance

On me, but spare my Zamor ; O conduct

His wandering footsteps thro' the dreary desert !

Is Europe only worthy of thy care ?

Art thou the partial parent of one world,

And tyrant o'er another ? all deserve

Thy equal love ; the victor and the vanquish'd

Are all the work of thy creating hand.

But hark ! what dreadful cry is that ? methought

They call'd on Zamor—hark ! again that noise

It comes this way : my Zamor's lost.

SCENE VI.

ALZIRA, EMIRA.

ALZIRA.

Emira,

I'm glad thou'rt come : what hast thou seen, what
done,

Where is he ? speak, and ease my troubled soul.

M 3

EMIRA.

EMIRA.

O it is past all hope ; he cannot live.
 Conducted safely by the faithful soldier
 He pass'd the guards, then darting from him rush'd
 Towards the palace ; trembling I pursued him,
 Amidst the horrors of the silent night,
 Almost to Guzman's chamber ; there he 'scap'd
 me,
 Tho' oft I call'd on him, oft look'd in vain :
 I heard a dreadful shriek, some cry'd aloud,
 He's dead : the palace is in arms : fly, madam,
 And save yourself.

ALZIRA.

Let us begone, and help

My Zamor.

EMIRA.

What can we do for him ;

ALZIRA.

Die.

S C E N E VII.

ALZIRA, EMIRA, Don ALONZO,
 Guards.

ALONZO.

I've orders, madam, to secure you.

ALZIRA.

Slave,

What mean'st thou ? where's my Zamor ?

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

That I know not :

Permit me to conduct you.

ALZIRA.

Cruel fate !

I must not die then ? Zamor is no more,
And yet I live, a captive, and in chains :
O ignominious !—dost thou weep, barbarian ?
I must indeed be wretched, if my woes
Can touch a heart like thine ; I'll follow thee ;
If death awaits me, I obey with pleasure.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

ALZIRA, Guards.

ALZIRA.

PRepare your tortures, you who call yourselves
The judges of mankind ; why am I left
In dread suspense, uncertain of my fate ?
To live, or die ? if I but mention Zamor
The guards around me tremble, and look pale,
His very name affrights them.

M 4

SCENE

S C E N E II.

MONTEZUMA, ALZIRA:

ALZIRA

Ha ! my father !

MONTEZUMA.

O my Alzira, what a scene of woe
 Hath thy imprudent fatal passion brought
 Among us ! we were pleading for thy Zamor,
 The good Alvarez had well nigh prevail'd,
 When on a sudden an arm'd soldier rush'd
 With violence in, and bore down all before him ;
 'Twas Zamor's self ; with fury in his aspect,
 And wild distraction, on he sprung to Guzman,
 Attack'd, and plung'd the dagger in his breast ;
 The blood that issued from your husband's wound
 Gush'd on your father : Zamor then resign'd
 With calm submission at Alvarez' feet
 Fell humble ; " Take," he cry'd, " this guilty
 " sword,
 " Stain'd with thy Guzman's blood, I am re-
 " veng'd ;
 " Now nature calls on thee to do thy duty,
 " As I have mine ; strike here : " then bared his
 breast

To the expected blow : the good Alvarez
 Sunk breathless in my arms ; confusion followed

And

And cries and horror ; Guzman's friends uprais'd
him,

Bound up his wounds, and try'd by every art
Of med'cine to preserve his life ; the people
Accuse thee as accomplice in the deed,
And call for justice on thee.

ALZIRA.

And couldst thou——

MONTEZUMA.

O no ; my heart suspects thee not, Alzira,
Thy soul I know is capable of error,
But not of guilt : alas ! thou didst not see
The precipice before thee : Guzman dies
By Zamor's hand, thy husband by thy lover ;
They will condemn thee to a shameful death.
But I will try if possible to move
The council in thy favour.

ALZIRA.

Do not sue

For me, my father, of these cruel tyrants,
Let but Alvarez live, and love me still,
I ask no more : Guzman's untimely fate
I must lament, because 'twas horrible ;
Because, more dreadful still, he had deserv'd it :
Zamor reveng'd his wrongs, I cannot blame
Nor can I praise him for it ; he must die ;
Alzira wishes but to follow him.

M 5

ALVAREZ.

S C E N E II.

MONTEZUMA, ALZIRA:

ALZIRA

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MONTEZUMA.

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Alzira wishes but to follow him.

M 5

ALVAREZ.

MONTEZUMA.

O heaven, assist me in this work of mercy !

S C E N E III.

ALZIRA.

Now end all gracious power, this wretched being !
 Alas ! Alzira, the new God thou serveest
 With-holds thy hand, and says thou must not finish
 Thy hated life ; the deities I left
 Deny'd me not the privilege to die.
 Is it a crime to hasten on, perhaps
 A few short years, the universal doom
 Appointed for us all ? and must we drink
 The bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs ?
 In this vile body is there aught so sacred
 That the free spirit should not leave that will
 Its homely mansion ? this all-conquering nation,
 Shall they dispeople earth, destroy my race,
 Condemn Alzira, and I not be mistress
 Of my own life ? Barbarians ! Zamor then
 Must die in tortures.

S C E N E IV.

ZAMOR in chains, ALZIRA, Guards.

ZAMOR.

Yes, it is decreed ;

We both must die ; beneath the specious name
 O justice, the tribunal hath condemn'd us ;

Guzman yet lives, my erring hand had left
Its work unfinish'd ; the barbarian lives
To glut his vengeance with Alzira's blood,
To taste a tyrant's savage joy, and see us
Perish together—to pronounce our doom
Alvarez comes : I am the guilty cause ;
Thou dy'st for me, Alzira.

ALZIRA.

Then no more,
For death is welcome if it comes with Zamor :
O bless the happy hour that shall dissolve
My ties to Guzman ; I may love thee now
Without a crime, without remorse ; receive
The heart that's due to thee, and thee alone :
Yon dreadful scaffold, for our death prepar'd,
Shall be the altar of my love ; there, Zamor,
I'll offer up my faith, and expiate there
My crime of infidelity—the worst
Of all our sentence is, that it must come
From good Alvarez.

ZAMOR.

See, he's here ; his cheeks
Are bath'd in tears.

ALZIRA.

Alas ! who most deserves
Compassion ? this will be a dreadful parting.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

ALZIRA, ZAMOR, ALVAREZ, Guards.

ZAMOR.

From you we both expect to hear our fate ;
 Pronounce it, we are not afraid to die :
 Zamor deserves it, he has slain thy son,
 The son of good Alvarez, of my friend ;
 But what, my lord, has this fair innocent,
 What has Alzira done ? thou art not cruel,
 Proud, and revengeful, like thy countrymen,
 Distinguish'd by thy clemency, we lov'd
 Alvarez ; wilt thou give up the fair title
 Of just and good, and bathe thee in the blood
 Of innocence ?

ALZIRA.

Revenge thyself, revenge
 Thy son ; but do not thus condemn the guilt-
 less :
 I am the wife of Guzman, that alone
 Should tell thee, I would save, and not betray
 him,
 Even though I hated, I respected him,
 And swerv'd not from my faith, thou knowst I
 did not :
 Careless of what the flandering multitude
 May think, I rest my character on thee ;
 Acquitted by Alvarez, for the rest

'Tis

'Tis equal all : if Zamor dies, Alzira
Must go with him : I pity thee alone.

A L V A R E Z.

Amazing scene of tenderness and horror !
That he should be the murderer of my son
Who was my kind deliverer ! O Zamor,
To thee I owe a life which I abhor ;
It was a fatal gift, and bought too dear :
I am a father, yet I am a man ;
Spite of a parent's grief that cries aloud
For vengeance on thee, gratitude pleads strongly ;
She will be heard :—and thou who wert my
daughter,
Whom yet I call by that dear tender name ;
Think not I joy in the inhuman pleasure
Of fell revenge ; I lose a friend, I lose
A daughter, and a son : the council dooms thee
To death, and bids a wretched father pass
The cruel sentence ; I could not refuse
The dreadful task, and now am come, my chil-
dren,
To save you both : it is in Zamor's power.

Z A M O R.

To save Alzira ? say, what's to be done ?

A L V A R E Z.

Believe in him who now inspires Alvarez ;
One word will change your fate : the law decrees,
Who-

Whoe'er becomes a christian meets forgiveness,
 The God of pardon will himself o'ershade
 Thy every crime, and take thee to his mercy ;
 Spain will protect and love thee as a brother ;
 Alzira shall be safe, ye both shall live ;
 I'll answer for her life as for thy own ;
 Zamor, to thee I speak ; of thee I ask
 Another life, I owe thee one already ;
 A father asks thee only to be happy,
 To be a christian, and to save Alzira.

ZAMOR.

What says my love ? say, should we purchase life
 So dearly ? Shall I quit my gods for Guzman's,
 And be a traitor ? tell me, thou sage tyrant,
 When I was master of thy fate, wouldst thou,
 Had Zamor sued, have quitted thy own gods
 For mine ?

ALVAREZ.

I should have done as now I do,
 Implor'd th' almighty Being to enlighten
 A heart like thine, and make thee a true christian.

ZAMOR.

O cruel contest ! what am I to choose,
 Or life, or death, Alzira, or my gods ;
 Which must I leave ? Alzira, 'tis thy cause,
 Determine it ; I think thou wouldst not bring
 Dishonour on thy Zamor.

ALZIRA.

ALZIRA.

Hear me then :

Thou know'st that, to obey a father's will,
I gave another what to thee alone
I had devoted ; I embraced his faith,
And worship'd Montezuma's God ; perhaps
It was the error of my easy youth,
And thou wilt blame me for it ; but methought
The law of christians was the law of truth,
And therefore only did I make it mine
But to renounce those gods our heart adores ;
That is no venial error, but a crime
Of deepest die ; it is to give up both,
The God we worship, and the God we leave ;
'Tis to be false to heaven, and to the world,
And to ourselves : no, Zamor, if thou dy'st,
Die worthy of Alzira ; hear the voice
Of conscience ; act as she alone directs thee.

ZAMOR.

Thou hast determin'd as I thought thou wouldst,
Zamor shall die with honour.

ALVAREZ.

'Then ye scorn
Our proffer'd mercy : hark ! those mournful cries—

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN, ZAMOR,
Americans, Soldiers.

ZAMOR.

O save Alzira; let me perish.

ALZIRA.

No :

I will be join'd to Guzman, and to thee.

ALVAREZ.

My son is in the agonies of death ;

O Guzman, hear me.

ZAMOR.

Look on Zamor, learn

Of him to die.

GUZMAN. [To Zamor.

Perhaps I may teach thee

Another lesson : I have ow'd the world

A good example long, and now I mean

To pay the debt. [Turning to Alvarez.

My soul is on the wing,

And e'er she takes her flight but waits to see

And imitate Alvarez ; O my father,

The mask is off, death has at last unveiled

The hideous scene, and shown me to myself ;

New light breaks in on my astonish'd soul :

O I have been a proud ungrateful being,

And trampled on my fellow-creatures : heaven

Aveges

Avenges earth : my life can ne'er atone
 For half the blood I've shed : prosperity
 Had blinded Guzman, death's benignant hand
 Restores my sight ; I thank the instrument
 Employ'd by heaven to make me what I am,
 A penitent : I yet am master here ;
 And yet can pardon : Zamor, I forgive thee,
 Live and be free ; but O remember how
 A christian acted, how a christian dy'd.

[To Montezuma, who kneels to him.

Thou, Montezuma, and ye hapless victims
 Of my ambition, say my clemency
 Surpass'd my guilt, and let your sovereigns know,
 That we were born your conquerors.

[To Zamor.

Observe

The difference, Zamor, 'twixt thy gods and mine :
 Thine teach thee to revenge an injury,
 Mine to forgive and pity thee.

A L V A R E Z.

My son,

Thy virtue's equal to thy courage.

A L Z I R A.

Heaven !

How wonderful a change ! amazing goodness !

Z A M O R.

Thou wilt oblige me to repent.

G U Z M A N.

GUZMAN.

Yes, Zamor,

I will do more, thou shalt admire and love me :
 Guzman too long hath made Alzira wretched,
 I'll make her happy ; with my dying hand
 I give her to thee ; live and hate me not,
 Restore your country's ruin'd walls, and blest
 My memory. [To Alvarez.

Alvarez, be once more

A father to them, let the light of heav'n
 Shine forth upon them ; Zamor is thy son
 Let him repair my loss.

ZAMOR.

Amaz'd, confounded,

And motionless I stand ; can christians boast
 Of such exalted virtue ? 'twas inspir'd
 By heaven ; the christian's law must be divine :
 Friendship, and faith, and constancy I knew
 Already ; but this soars above them all :
 I must indeed admire and love thee, Guzman.
 [Falls at his feet.

ALZIRA.

My lord, permit me to embrace thy knees :
 O I could die for Guzman ; will you then
 Forgive my weakness ?

G U Z-

GUZMAN.

Yes : I pardon all,

I cannot see thee weep and not forgive thee.

Come near, my father, take my last farewell !

[dies.

ALVAREZ. [To Montezuma.

I see the hand of God in all our woes,

And humbly bend myself before that power

Who wounds to heal, and strikes but to forgive.

END of the SIXTH VOLUME.



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